LIBRARIANS (continued)

COUNTY BOROUGH OF ROCHDALE

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the POST of ASSISTANT QUALIFIED.

Salary within the Librarians' Grade to a maximum of £1,220 per annum (A.P. 1/ID. Commencing salary according to experience and qualifications.

Applications giving full information together with the names and addresses of two referees to Chief Librarian, Central Library, Rochdale, by 11th February, 1967. Relationship to any member or senior officer of the Corporation should be declared.

K. E. MOORE, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Rochdale.

SCARBOROUGH PUBLIC LIBRARIES

SENIOR ASSISTANT/READERS' ADVISER

APPLICATIONS are invited from Librarians who have passed Part II of the Library Association's Examinations for the POST of Senior Assistant/Readers' Adviser in the Central Lending Library. Commencing salary within Special Clerical Officer Scale £1,020 to £1,435 (not less than £1,060 for a Chartered Librarian). Housing available. Afternoon Saturdays free. No weekend duties.

Applications, with names of two referees, to Director, Central Library, Vernon Road, Scarborough, by 18th February, 1967.

SURREY COUNTY LIBRARY

BANSTEAD URBAN DISTRICT
SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT, A.P. GRADE III/IV

Chartered Librarians who would like to work in an expanding library service in an attractive locality are invited to apply for the responsible POST which is open to seniority to the District Librarian. Salary Grade A.P. III/IV £1,180 to £1,665 p.a.; plus London Weighting £75 p.a. For a Librarian with the right qualities the post offers a wide range of experience in the fields of administration and service to readers.

Particulars and application form from the Clerk of the Council, The Council House, Brighton Road, Banstead, Surrey.

Closing date: 20th February, 1967.

BOROUGH OF ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Applications are invited for the POST of BRANCH LIBRARIAN.

Salary will be within the Librarians' Scale (£820 to £1,415—minimum £1,060 for Chartered Librarians) according to qualifications and experience.

Application, stating age, qualifications, experience, and names of two referees, should reach the Borough Librarian, Public Library, Mount Pleasant, Tunbridge Wells, not later than the 18th February, 1967.

M. J. H. GIRLING, Town Clerk.
Town Hall, Tunbridge Wells.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF WALLASEY

GRAMOPHONE RECORD LIBRARIAN
Scale: Librarians, £820 to £1,220

Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Minimum qualification Library Association Part I Examination. Preference will be given to applicants with some experience in a gramophone record library.

Application, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, to reach the Chief Librarian, Central Library, Earlston Road, Wallasey, within fourteen days of this advertisement.

A. G. HARRISON, Town Clerk.

LONDON BOROUGH OF WANDSWORTH

BOROUGH LIBRARIES

Suitably qualified persons required for the undermentioned posts.

SENIOR ASSISTANTS:
Lending. A.P. III: Reference, A.P. III, £1,295 to £1,510.
Cataloguing. A.P. III (Music (3), A.P. II, £1,095 to £1,295.

Forms from the Borough Librarian, District Library, West Hill, S.W.18. Closes 18th February.

D. C. KERR, Town Clerk.
Municipal Buildings, S.W.18.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

CHARTERED LIBRARIANS are invited to apply for the following POSTS on the scale £1,115 to £1,510 inclusive. Starting salary will be determined according to merit and experience.

LIBRARIAN—Children's Division (Ref.: L.3).
LIBRARIAN—Circulation Division (Ref.: L.4).

Forward request for application form (quoting the appropriate reference number) to the Establishment Officer, Westminster City Hall, S.W.1. Closing date 13th February, 1967.

A. G. DAWTRY, Town Clerk.

WILTSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

CHARTERED LIBRARIAN required for the POST of MOBILE LIBRARIAN, Marlborough Area.

Special Scale, £820 to £1,435 per annum.
Lodging and Removal Allowances in approved cases. Mortgage facilities available.
Further details and application form from County Librarian, Prospect Place, Trowbridge.

BOROUGH OF WORTHING

JUNIOR AND SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above APPOINTMENT on Grade A.P. II-III, the commencing salary to be determined according to qualifications and experience. The post involves responsibility for the Junior Department of the Central Lending Library and the School Library Service. Experience in these fields is essential and a pass in Final (Lib), B.2 or C10b would be an additional advantage.

The appointment will be subject to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service of Local Government Officers and to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts.

Worthing is now the second largest town in Sussex, with a population of over 80,000, and it is attracting more than 1,000 additional residents every year.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, and giving the name of two persons to whom reference may be made, must be received by the Chief Librarian, Central Public Library, Worthing, by not later than 27th February, 1967.

THOMAS POOR O, Town Clerk.

CITY OF YORK

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the POST of BRANCH LIBRARIAN, on Scale A.P.T. 1/II £780 to £1,230 from 1st February.

Applications should include details of age, education, experience, qualifications, and the names of two referees, and should reach me not later than Monday, 13th February.

O. S. TOMLINSON, City Librarian,
Museum Street, York.

EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE

EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT in charge of Exhibition Van, serving village libraries and ordinary schools, on the permanent staff of the East Riding County Library, on the Librarian's Scale (£820 to £1,220 per annum).

Applicants should preferably have passed the Part I Undergraduate Examination of the former Registration Examination of the Library Association but consideration will be given to other applicants with suitable experience and ability.

Although housing accommodation cannot be provided, assistance may be given to householders towards removal, initial lodging and travelling expenses.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Hall, Beverley, Yorkshire, to whom applications should be submitted by 13th February, 1967.

more **LIBRARY** appointments, other vacant appointments and classified advertisements appear on preceding pages

NATIONAL CENTRAL LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for a PART-TIME POST for work on the union catalogues. Hours of work would be by mutual agreement, but would not include evening or Saturday work. Library experience, particularly of cataloguing, desirable but not essential. Salary according to age and experience will be a proportion of the equivalent full-time salary, which is on a scale rising to £885.

Apply to the Librarian, National Central Library, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

LIBRARIAN required to take charge of the library of the Plymouth Laboratory. Appointment effective from 1st April, 1967. The library is a scientific reference library at about 40,000 volumes serving staff and visiting workers, and has a staff of three. Experience of information work and a knowledge of languages an asset. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience, and in accordance with Civil Service scales.

Applications to: The Director, The Laboratory, Citadel Hill, Plymouth.

THE ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE

(University of London)

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Salary scale £740 by £40 to £940 per annum. Superannuation scheme. Appointment on scale according to qualifications and experience.

Applications with names of two referees, to the Assistant Secretary, Royal Veterinary College, Royal College Street, London, N.W.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a PART-TIME LIBRARIAN for West End Gentlemen's Club. This vacancy would be suitable for Grade 2 Chartered Librarian. Three hours a day, for five days a week.—Please send full particulars to Box V.1300, The Times, E.C.4.

AMERICAN BIBLIOGRAPHICA

The 1966 intake of library reports, periodicals, exhibition catalogues, &c., from across the Atlantic was as copious and varied (both in matter and manner) as ever. The quarterly *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* maintained its customary standard under Dr. Robert F. Metzdorf, who is about to be succeeded in the editorial chair by Professor William B. Todd. The monthly *Bulletin of the New York Public Library* devoted twenty pages in June to Miss Iris G. Mindlin's "Contribution towards a Bibliography" of writings about Marcel Proust (down to George Painter); in October celebrated the 150th anniversary of the American Bible Society with an exhibition, mostly drawn from the superlative Lenox Collection, of Bibles, ranging from the Gutenberg (no mention of Fust or Schoeffer) down to the first translation, 1966, of the New Testament into the language of the Western Apache Indians (the Massachusetts tribe having been similarly served as early as 1661 by John Eliott); and in November gave us the first part (poetry) of an admirably comprehensive descriptive catalogue of the work of that till recently underrated writer A. H. Clough, compiled by Richard M. Gollin, Walter E. Houghton and Michael Timko, who are hereby berated for not giving the names of the publishers of the printed books.

In the July issue of *The Yale University Library Gazette*, Ian MacPhail and Laurence C. Witten II provide a summary account of the remarkable collection of some 300 books and manuscripts documenting the history of alchemy and the occult, assembled over many years, under the influence of Jung, by Mr. Paul Mellon and the late Mary Conover Mellon and presented to Yale in 1965. (A catalogue is in preparation.) In the October issue Professor Frederick A. Pottle relates a new acquisition (a set of corrected sheets of *Lyrical Ballads* 1800, vol. II, presumably for the 1802 reprint, from the Wordsworth family) to an earlier one (the printer's "copy", partly manuscript and partly from the 1798 printing, for the enlarged edition of 1800, from the T. N. Longman collection), to produce a detailed and fascinating analysis of the development of the text. From Princeton came not only well-nourished numbers of the *Library Chronicle* but also *Wilde and the Nineties* ($3.50), an elegant, informative and well-illustrated booklet commemorating a distinguished exhibition assembled by Mr. Alfred L. Bush, introduced by Professor E. D. H. Johnson, with a preliminary essay, "The Critic as Artist as Wilde", by Professor Richard Ellmann; the whole dedicated to the memory of Donald F. Hyde, whose collection was richly represented in an exhibition he did not live to see opened.

Two newcomers must be welcomed. The Grolier Club of New York has revived its *Gazette*, with number one of the new series dated June and number two October, 1966; the twelve numbers of the first series spanned the years 1921 to 1929, the eight numbers of the second, 1931-49, so Dr. Gordon Ray is setting a visibly brisker pace. In addition to matter of domestic interest to members, the *Gazette* provides something which has long been needed (and one hopes may be made generally available): a record of the contents of those of the club's regular, and often very illuminating, exhibitions which do not rate an individual catalogue. Here, for example, are "French Parnassian and Symbolist Poetry", "Dedication Copies" (a particularly good show) and "The Indomitable Irishry", with W. B. Yeats prominent; a checklist, chronologically arranged from *Mosaik* to 1939, by Mr. Andrew B. Myers. The smaller exhibitions, to which much affectionate care is given by the Groliers (this honoured, are more summarily recorded; but they are recorded.

The other addition to the stack is an innovation proper: a catalogue, the first of a planned annual series, of selected 1965-66 acquisitions by the Rosenbach Foundation of Philadelphia. Mr. Clive E. Driver, the new director, reports a considerable internal reorganization and modernization of the, in many ways inconvenient, old house on Delancey Place, which had remained substantially unaltered since the foundation was established, and also the inauguration of a publishing programme. Such a face-lift will doubtless make this interesting collection better known, more manageable, and more conveniently available to scholars and students. Yet those who relished the plushy vulgarity of the Philip Rosenbach furnishings, the bogus Truyons on the walls, the chandeliers and the mahogany, may be permitted a valedictory sigh for the easy, hospitable, idiosyncratic regime of William M. McCarthy, that grand scholar and most mischievous of raconteurs, who was the foundation's first director—and what will now become of D'Annunzio's brass bedstead in the attic?

Finally, two old reliables which are always welcome. *The Annual Report of the Library Company of Philadelphia for the Year 1965* contains Mr. Edwin Wolf II's genially informative ramble (perhaps a trifle more colloquial than usual) among the contents and relevances of the year's accessions. This is preceded by a report of the retiring president, Nicholas B. Wainwright, one making event in the history of Benjamin Franklin's oldest library: the move from the dually facaded but hopelessly tical Ridgway building, recently sited on that dead section of Christian Street, to new quarters on Street, adjoining the Society of Pennsylvania. The obvious advantages of a neighbourhood, the Library pany now takes charge, Society's rare book collection, the Society does the same Library Company's manuscripts, friends of both these institutions will wish them a marriage.

Mr. Thomas R. Adam's *Report for the Committee on Management of the John Brown Library*, which (strangely) covers the years from 1966, is inevitably an exercise in elegiac. But the centenary celebration of the first volume of Carter Brown's classic catalogue embodying the results of the ing decades as a collector of cana. was handsomely celebrated accession to J.C.B. of 1,000 sixty-three maps, 300 prints and sixty prints, "books not texts", writes Mr. Adam in the accents of Wilde of the inauguration in the gift from Mr. C. Walter Barker a system of fellowships for scholars, "it is our hope that with as may give them a understanding of the complex historical research". That contribution to a strict but humane has been rewardingly and evident from the quoted one two graduate fellows. "Patience", wrote one Callow, impressed me vividly with value of a period of through the books without their contents to fit a pattern a point": this could hardly tered as a justification for needed in some places with dence) of rare book collecting as an injunction to rouse after Ph.Ds. "One of of that experience", wrote also from California, "was impressed anew with the the evidence is important! If that makes the scholarly difficult, it also makes the more sophisticated." The visits to J.C.B. rose from 61 to 1,803 in 1964-65 less evidence that one of the able specialist libraries is busy raising the level of sophistication.

A.D. 105 TO 1950

W. TURNEN BERRY and H. EDMUNO POOLE: *Annals of Printing*. A Chronological Encyclopaedia from the earliest times to 1950. 315pp. Blandford Press. £4 4s.

In compiling these annals the authors have tried to present a straightforward chronicle of outstanding events in the evolution of printing from A.D. 105 to 1950. The period up to 1800 has been the responsibility of Mr. Edmund Poole, while the later period has been tackled by Mr. Turner Berry, formerly librarian of the St. Bride Foundation Institute. To avoid excessive fragmentation of material the compilers have tried to select a few facets of outstanding importance in a man's contribution; one individual may therefore occupy more than one position in the chronology. The annals occupy 286 pages and are followed by a carefully selected list of nearly 250 books and periodicals on the history of printing, and by an index of nineteen pages.

The compilers declare that they have not aimed at completeness in these annals, but have laid emphasis upon innovators and innovations. They admit that not every innovation is done justice and cite as an example their own omission of the name of Johann Müller, a pioneer in the field of stereotyping. In spite of many such omissions, these annals are likely to yield something of interest in the subject.

Unfortunately the reader may have some difficulty in locating the information which might interest him, because of the inadequate index. The compilers claim to have provided a very full index "cross-referenced by person, place and subject, to enable the reader to select the threads which interest him most". It is therefore a disappointment to find no entry in the index for Laurence Coster. An assiduous reader will find that the greater part of a page is in fact devoted to Laurence Coster; the information is to be found in 1588 because in that year Plantin published an historical work, *Batavia*, in which the author claimed that printing was invented in Haarlem by Coster. Similarly the reader will search in vain for an index reference to the Congregatio de Propaganda Fide although there is a reference in 1636 to a specimen of its Coptic, and earlier in 1628 to a specimen issued by its predecessor the Stamperia Vaticana, also absent from the index.

Some entries are surprisingly long, others remarkably curt: thus Baskerville occupies nearly two and a half continuous columns whereas Bodoni is given little more than half a column spilt into two separate entries. The Grolier Club and the Double Crown Club are in, although the Roxburghe Club and the Bibliographical Society are left out (unless we include an unindexed reference in 1887 to the first secretary of the Bibliographical Society in 1887, five years before its foundation). Even though the annals stop at 1950, an entry might have been made in 1940 for Hermann Zapf's first type.

There are several errors in the entry under 1874 for the Daniel Press, and it is a little surprising to find no entries for the Eragny, Bremer, Cranach or Grabhorn Presses. The item on Vollard states that he issued *Parallèlement* "with lithographs drawn by Betrand after designs by the artist Bonnard". In fact Bonnard himself drew the designs in the book also contained engravings made by Bonnard. The names are wrongly spelt in the pages of these annals.

The illustrations are of quality but include several and interesting items. They always appear in their correct position, and some of them are fore hard to track down in the index. One illustration illustrates the whole of page 26 of date, and nothing to indicate presence except a caption states that it shows a design by Walker for *The Women* later engraved on wood by Hooper. There is no list of illustrations, and the casual reader these annals as a work of may therefore overlook the illustration given to the preface. In those cases where there is to the contrary all the illustrations reproduced smaller than the from which they are taken the compilers find which troublesome, for they seem to include to their caption the size from which the illustration been reduced.

The lack of a good index of printing on a national or pean scale is rightly deplored compilers in their preface such a work is produced, which aim to provide a chronological encyclopedia of the subject useful within their limits. quent editions will no doubt be indexed, and will have a full and corrected text.

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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HOGARTH IN PRINT
THE TYRANNY OF TASTE

THE FAVOURITE WORK of Hogarth was by far the largest most famous and influential body of prints produced by any painter in the eighteenth century; there was indeed hardly a parallel until the spread of lithography changed the whole position of the *peintre-graveur*. It was one of the few achievements of English artists to gain international celebrity. In the decades that followed Hogarth's death, his prints seemed to be his chief claim to immortality. They were widely collected and, in steadily deteriorating re prints and reproductions, were disseminated more widely than anything else in British eighteenth-century art.

It may seem surprising that they have only now become the subject of a scholarly catalogue on the grand scale. Yet until recently, when the international interest in British art began to shame our neglect, it would have been more surprising if such a work had been attempted. Hogarth's bid for popular support was all too successful. The popularity of his prints was held against them. Few scholars would have believed that detailed study, of the kind that the autographic work of most great masters attracted, would produce specifically artistic returns in proportion to the labour. Hogarth's primary concern was with painting, and some of the prints testify forcefully to the fact. The purpose of the prints was purely reproductive. Even the slighter pieces, in which he used the needle in place of the graver, only once or twice show any sign of the spontaneous hand that we recognize in his paintings and drawings. In 1742 he appears to have etched, in the direct manner of a pen-drawing, an indecent joke about two dancers entitled "The Charmers of the Age"; the print, if it was really his own, remained exceptional. When he took a country house at Chiswick he made an etching from his window of the next house across the fields in the Dutch tradition. Occasionally the abrupt strokes with which he reworked a head show the characteristic impatience of his touch. These exceptions apart, the prints, with all their vigour, give hardly any sign of the exploratory freedom that we expect of the *peintre-graveur*.

At its best, in the great cycles of modern moral subjects, Hogarth's print-making was the obedient servant of painting. At a lower level, in some of the occasional pieces, it was no more than the poor relation of drawing. It must be admitted that even a print with the profound personal significance of the "Laitpiece, or The Bathos" is from any accepted aesthetic standpoint less appealing than the drawing for it at Windsor. Yet the rule in which Hogarth saw himself in his last years—"the old painter who, deserted by his former patrons, determinedly goes his own way"—was, as Professor Paulson points out in *Hogarth's Graphic Works*, Rembrandtesque. Rembrandt's portraits occasionally provided acceptable models, but his use of etching and indeed his whole attitude to grand subjects seemed to Hogarth merely ridiculous. Hogarth's most ambitious historical print, "Paul before Felix", was introduced by a subscription ticket that demonstrated how Rembrandt would have etched a theme, with squalid rabbis picking their noses, shafts of light illuminating nothing, and the Saint ineffectually supported by an earth-bound angel, which is for truth rather telling.

The media of Hogarth's explorations were his drawings, with their tangled rhythmic webs, and his tonal studies in oil colour. The graphic techniques had no place in them, and the type of grand, successful painter that Hogarth sought to emulate, represented by his father-in-law, Thornhill, had no use for an informal exploratory commentary of the kind that the prints of the true *peintre-graveur* supply to his pictures. The true *peintre-graveur* confesses that the considered public statements of painting cannot tell the whole of the story; he shows that the spontaneous and speculative in an artist's activity is none the less meaningful. The public image of art and public success occupied Hogarth profoundly. His father-in-law's successful career was as considerable an achievement as anything he painted, with as great a pioneering significance for Britain, and Hogarth was not the man to yield any ground that had been won. It was not for the British painter, who had lately learnt to wear the grand baroque garment, to show himself, however revealingly, in graphic disharbille. Hogarth became his own rebarbative kind of *peintre-graveur* for a different reason. In a sense it reflected the same basic issue, the inadequacy of painting alone to provide an artist's whole means of pictorial communication. But for Hogarth the inadequacy was on the surface. By no means aesthetic. On the contrary, it becomes progressively clearer that if painting itself did not satisfy him, it was simply because it had not given him a grand and dominating worldly success. His career seemed to Vertue an almost unbroken series of successes, but to Hogarth it amounted to failure; it spelt persecution and his reaction was violent.

Detail of Hogarth's self-portrait.

The demands that Hogarth made on the world may still seem overweening and aesthetically irrelevant, as they seemed to patrons and rivals. In his own time he refused to fit into the role of modest tradesman. To us, by contrast, he appears objectionable in his apparent lack of selfless and unworldly aesthetic dedication. We expect the independent painters of modern society to operate within the circumscribed limits of our own limited uses for painting, which we trust may prove in another sense liberating.

Conditions like the picture trade of Holland and the rentier incomes of nineteenth-century France enabled painters to anticipate our requirements. But where the means of support are lacking we cheerfully expect self-immolation. Our idea of the artist's role is certainly an impoverished one if it leaves us without sympathy for the painter standing at the threshold of this society in Britain, who perceived the place to which it consigned him and rejected it with native pugnacity. Hogarth's careerism and patriotism are no more regrettable than the same traits in Tintoretto: the extreme of truculence to which they forced him was the expression of his insight into his artistic and personal situation. The unattainable, manic obstinacy of a painter like Hogarth compels us to recognize an element

Hogarth's Graphic Works. Compiled and with a commentary by Ronald Paulson. Volume 1: Introduction and Catalogue. 351pp. Volume 2: The Engravings. 342 plates. Yale University Press. 114 8s.

WILMARTH S. LEWIS and PHILIP HOUFE (Compilers): *"The Beggar's Opera" by Hogarth and Blake.* A portfolio. Yale University Press. 136.

Lichtenberg's Commentaries on Hogarth's Engravings. Translated and with an introduction by Innes and Gustav Herdan. 297pp. Cresset Press. £5 5s.

In art that we can comfortably overlook. The economic foothold that an artist gains and the public figure that he cuts are real parts of his creation. Like the rest of what he makes, they usually bear the marks of his tribulation. Hogarth wore his tribulation, if not like a rose, like the scar on his forehead, which he pushed his cap back proudly to show.

Professor Paulson makes clearer than any writer before him that Hogarth's continued absorption in print-making was due to a realization that in the conflict with cultivated taste, which was both real and obsessive, he had a unique weapon to hand. He happened to have been trained as an engraver; he could appeal against the connoisseur's verdict to the general public judgment. The view of social critics like Antal that it was Hogarth's purpose "to express and foster the new bourgeois outlook in its purest form" is perhaps simplistic. But there is no doubt that the idea of bourgeois taste as a valid, lodged clinching court of appeal against the tyranny of aristocratic knowingness was a significant expression of the new outlook. Hogarth appealed to middle-class taste and the middle-class pocket by inviting mass subscription for prints, with attractive tickets and sometimes the chance of the picture as a prize thrown in. It was the first serious experiment in finding how a modern society can support the art it needs, and until a solution is perfected it remains worth remembering. Moreover the experiment demonstrated that publication of a painter's images in effect gave a new value to them, which they hardly possessed when painter and painting served the purpose of a great patron. The artist's invention emerged as a valuable property, open to theft and needing legal protection. The copyright law that was known as "Hogarth's Act" was not merely an episode in the economic history of reproductive engraving; implicitly it recognized that artistic invention in itself possessed in the developing bourgeois society a new and independent status.

In his introduction to the catalogue Professor Paulson deals well with the history and the sociology of the subject, but what makes this possibly the best essay on Hogarth that has ever been written is his sensitivity to the frame of mind of which the prints were the necessary expression. In the catalogue itself Professor Paulson's collation of states yields information of real value; it is only a pity that his illustrations have a quite inappropriate velvety softness. The additions to the graphic work that it is possible to make are naturally slight. On the debit side, Oppé's acceptance of drawings for the illustrations to King's *Pantheon* has unfortunately suggested the inclusion of the prints; neither appear to be by Hogarth. There is a welcome announcement on the jacket that the author is now working on a full-scale biography. It was certainly right to look long and closely at the prints first, for they were the outcome of a side of Hogarth's character which still sticks in the cultivated gullet. The atmosphere of inelegance and vulgarity which hangs around them, deterring potential students, is surely a testimony to the enduring reality of the issue that Hogarth faced.

* * *

His first independent print, "Masquerades and Operas", was an attack on Thornhill's enemies. The *Hudibras* series took an appropriate text for a burlesque of the heroic baroque convention. Professor Paulson seems to be in two minds whether to regard the frontispiece to *Hudibras* as parodic; in fact the grotesque element that Hogarth emphasized was an almost inseparable part of the convention in the Flemish form that he inherited and his own attitude was ambivalent. It is common and natural for an artist to begin both by assuming his stylistic inheritance and simultaneously half-disowning it; the alternate irony and buffoonery of Hogarth's adaptations are quite characteristic. His invention was a good deal more independent and full-blooded than the analysis of sources sometimes recognized; the Trumpeter in "The Skimmington" was hardly borrowed directly, as Antal thought, from the Farnese ceiling. It was the baroque convention that provided Hogarth with the instrument that a young artist naturally uses against convention; it gave him a robust grip on common life.

Hogarth's mature attitude to his subject developed under the influence of the theatre and the French theatre-picture. He exploited the success and the scandal of *The Beggar's Opera* in a series of paintings that were repetitive variations of a single design; Wilmarth S. Lewis and Philip Hofer have assembled and illustrated them with slightly incongruous sumptuousness. Hogarth was on to a good thing, and the purpose in the successive versions was evidently to make the most of it. He painted six of them, at least, and the version that belongs to Mr. Lewis, whether or not Horace Walpole's ascription to Hogarth himself is reliable, must have been made on his initiative. Hogarth's way of making painting pay was in fact already by means of reproduction, and here we feel the need of more biography in Professor Paulson's analysis of the evolving purpose of print-making for him. At this stage it was robust commercial good sense, as much as embittered ambition, to prefer engraving to the drudgery of copying; it was no more than reasonable to paint six different subjects of equally seabrous appeal instead of versions of one and have the reproduction done by the press. If the printing press was Hogarth's natural instrument, it had nonetheless a special significance. There was already an injustice that rankled. It was printing that had landed Hogarth's father, the unworldly lexicographer, as a debtor in the Fleet prison. By one of the coincidences that go to enforce an artist's obsession, an inquiry into the misgovernment of the Fleet was the subject of one of Hogarth's first commissions as a painter and he characterized the gaulers with an obsessive grotesqueness that led . . . Beckett, surely wrongly, to regard the picture in the National Portrait Gallery as a copy.

Thornhill's career and his father's were the two poles of Hogarth's world. When he turned to the first of the cycles of "modern moral subjects" he was, as he later explained, in search of a vein "intermediate . . . between the sublime and the grotesque". Fielding called it "comic history painting" and Hogarth accepted the description. In origin "The Harlot's Progress" was no more moral than the picture he was painting of "Before" and "After". It began with a "a small picture of a common harlot, supposed to dwell in drewry lane, just rising about noon out of bed, and at breakfast with a pretty Countenance & air", and when the series was complete the representatives of morality were still shown as either brutal or sanctimonious. The subscription ticket, "Boys peeping at Nature", with its *amours poyeurs*, was decidedly curious and quite appropriate.

* * *

The morality began as a rationalization and developed into an equally ambiguous function of Hogarth's indiscriminate private animus. The notion of moral instruction is a comfortable one and it was much to the taste of the later eighteenth century. The taste is in itself a symptom of half-realized guilt; the fashion for the moral exegesis of Hogarth in the era of the industrial revolution and the political criticism of our own time are both of them perhaps examples, and neither brings us much nearer to what is most personal in the artist. The notion is so welcome that scarcely a single critic before Professor Paulson has seriously considered whether on Hogarth's showing industry is any more moral than idleness. If the ostensible morality were the only message, it would be necessary to regard Hogarth as a failure, and indeed to abandon with him a good deal of art that is at the moment more acceptable, possibly even Goya himself. "What vice has it subdued?" Cowper asked. "Whose heart reclaimed by rigour or whom laughed into reform?"

Yet Hogarth's prints had undeniably a more and more direct and bitter point. They demonstrated a quality of pictorial imagery that connoisseurship overlooked, and asserted it with an edgy pugnacity, which has a visual consistency of its own. They demonstrated the legibility of imagery as illustration. Art seemed, in fact, to be reaching out towards the condition of literature. "His graphic representations are indeed books", as Charles Lamb wrote. "They have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of words." They belonged with a kind of literature that was still hardly out of its infancy. Through the printing press, his natural instrument, Hogarth was virtually a collaborator in the literary movement of his time. Fielding's first work was based on one of his prints, and fourteen years later, introducing the genre of *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding explicitly had Hogarth in mind. This is familiar ground and Professor Paulson, who is a literary historian, deals with it well. His use of art-historical techniques is not always so sure—if he required, as he hardly did, to trace the provenance of the paintings, he should have questioned a hoary myth about "The Times of Day". The elucidation of Hogarth's subjects is a uniquely complex field, in which several kinds of history overlap; Professor Paulson brings to it much new information, and far more than is conveniently assembled anywhere else. Writing of "Marriage à la Mode" he occasionally misses a reference of the kind that Mr. Martin Davies impaled with unnerving precision in the National Gallery catalogue of 1946. The discursive, philosophic approach of the commentaries on the prints by Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, the physicist of the German Enlightenment, is foreign to Hogarth's temper; his rational and gentle humanity is quite absent from the prints. But at least his allusive habit of mind is that of the eighteenth century. Lichtenberg, one feels, would not (like the recent cataloguers) have missed the way the fishwives in "Calais Gate" mime the likeness of the skate's fat grin to the holy father. It is a luxury to have the charming Lichtenberg, with his occasional tedium, elegantly published in English. But it cannot be called a necessity; a broader selection from his writings might, by all accounts, be more generally useful.

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It is easy to dismiss Hogarth's prints as nothing more than misconceived episodes in the prehistory of the English novel. Yet they possess quite another significance; they have a frightful, irrational intensity that is unique in reproductive engraving and unparalleled in British art. It reflected the character of the man, the truculent injustice-collector, insatiable careerist and outraged patriot of whom Professor Paulson has written so sympathetically. The meaning of the prints was due to the collision of an intolerant, paranoid obsession with a real issue that was in truth intolerable. Yet the new interpretation, which some of Professor Paulson's pages suggest—the view of Hogarth's print-making as a sardonic footnote to one of the recurrent defeats that history-painting infallibly suffers in England—still leaves some of its quality unaccounted for.

There is no doubt that without the prints our idea not only of Hogarth's stature but also of the whole eighteenth-century achievement would be poorer. Discarding the tonal upholstery of painting, they uncover qualities that we are unaccustomed to look for in Hogarth. When we see his designs bare we are in the presence of an artist whom we hardly know. His characteristic crowd scene, for example, is found from the first state of "The Idle 'Prentice Executed at Tyburn" to possess an energetic spatial design, curving away from each side of the picture into the delicately tangled distance—a design to dwarf any genre landscape ever invented. The interior version of the same curved, pulsating space is "The Cockpit", which surely echoed in the memory of Daumier. Hogarth's drama, the active rhythm with which a procession irrupts into a close and curtained chamber, or across a confined townscape in which we hardly recognize the windy prospect of St. James's Street or Covent Garden, is clearer in the prints than anywhere. All this remained within the baroque tradition, but the slighter prints that presented collections of heads converted a traditional formula into something odd and different. Beginning with the "Chorus of Singers", which is surmounted by a figure drawn with a manoeuvre clarity that might indeed have originated with the Carracci, they turned into obsessive heaped-up compilations, spaceless assemblages of character with a dynamic structure of their own. The eventual outcome, as it happened, was a great painting, "Hogarth's Servants", a collection of heads united only by the subtle interplay of human contrasts and correspondences.

Looking at what is spatial and what is space-less in Hogarth's designs we become aware of a tension. He was pulled in opposite directions and the contradiction affected his manner of representation. In pictures alike, the simplest things bear recurring tendency to rational foreshortening. It was that Hogarth, of all people, have drawn the "Satire on Perspective". The virtuosos of perspectivist were ones that he enviously lacked. Yet it was by chance that the theme of the tispiece to Kirby attracted him; he was fascinated by the subject, apparent blindness to his own capacity is surely significant. "the flexibility to such absurdities which he satirized, that he lacked him; his designs are full of rationalized confessions of his attation with the Absurd. On the his neglect of perspective often looks like the result of an attention; the shapes that appear recede in obedience to convention seem to assert their intractability. He wrote that he had grown tired fane as to admire Nature because tures" and, as Professor points out, the corollary in his was characteristic: "... I have suffered a kind of tion". Yet his commonest tions, the lintels and cornices ately askew and, most the noforeshortened plates perfectly receding with just those that were most difficult easiest to avoid. As a Nature they are quite insensitive. The conclusion is irresistible: real profanity, which emulated pride and persecution, was the preference for nature to a quite separate administration pressed in contradistinction to ff at random and by accident state of defiance in itself and fically for the defiance of art.

In Hogarth's mature designs most from the beginning, which hints that pictorial space is point of transformation into a ical accumulation of spatial tions that are half colonnade creating not illusion but quite order of reality. This odd tary development was to be typical feature, though perhaps least recognized, of romantic ing. When the Harlot upsets table (significantly framed like ture), kicking it sexily not towards us, as if over the but out of perspective, we think of Delacroix's upsetting mutations, which seem the empty the whole exotic baroque jumble out of his pictures at our feet.

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The later prints reflect a different frame of mind from the confidence of Hogarth's characteristic paintings; they might also by a different artist. They his discontent and his truculent alternative expression was not necessary. It left him free to the objective and sympathetic humanity untroubled in the past. Only occasionally his dog appears in a group as if his master's Independence. In the Strode family al breaks obstinately inelegant as the live, causing the pet of the bristle; he ridicules bewigged posity at the party in Lord Graham's cabin. The statement Hogarth made in paint, touch was emphatic or deliberate mained invariably direct and The prints, by contrast, had of furious, discordant assertion.

We can determine almost the else point at which engraving no longer follow the Freedom and grace of the paintings. the first and second states fourth plate in "This Rake's gress", showing the frivolous seeker arrested in St. Street, a thunderous mood takes the subject. breaks; White's is struck lightning. Now figures crowd darkened scene, confusing the narrative rhythm with an accumulation of obtrusive details, each pointed connotation. Though developed the same way, torial unity and fluency material; the subjects were and ioscribed almost to the self-cancellation. Even the ful invention of "The Idle Executed" was in the final state to death; every telling detail was another nail in its Hogarth's demonstration, imagery could be made compelling and popularly legible had come compulsive. The real lay in the fact of pictorial It seems at first sight and the popular response,

Hogarth's fame was based for a hundred years, was the trivial one of crude recognition.

But the coarse consistency and the bitter flavour possess a strange emotional intensity, and in the later 1730s accorded with Hogarth's mood. It was in these years, after the pictures for St. Bartholomew's Hospital, that the refusal of the connoisseurs to employ an English painter of sublime subjects became finally clear. Yet the den of the Sublime was in the ascendant and the influence of Longinus was reaching its height. Perhaps it was the same thunderous frame of mind that Hogarth turned to an incontestably sublime poet, Milton, and painted "Satan, Sin and Death", which lately reappeared at the Tate. There is a deeper fury in the picture than anywhere else in mid-eighteenth-century painting and it uncovers something that is recognizably characteristic of Hogarth. Satan's stride, he hinges outwards, spans a seemingly impossible distance; it is the wrench of conventional perspective that makes the movement and the fury real. "Satan, Sin and Death" was the earliest and by far the most influential English example of a sporadic and recurrent style, deriving often from one aspect or another of Salvator, which has been called baroque expressionism, but the vein was not pursued by Hogarth. If this terrible imagining contributed anything to the special significance of the sublime later popularized by Burke, who could have known the picture at Garrick's collection. Hogarth's final attitude was nonetheless sanglonie.

The quality in the later prints that is akin to Expressionism is still more extreme and idiosyncratic. It was not only the vicissitudes with which the vices were characterized that had a quality of ambivalence. The unvarying assertiveness of the style was itself aggressive. Lichtenberg's explanation of the hirch-rod punishment to the Harlot's equipment was so oblique as to be inscrutable, as if something equivocal in Hogarth's standpoint, which did not bear inspection, was already apparent. In later prints the brutality that was ostensibly the subject was also inherent in the method. Whatever the theme, it was set in a flux of cruelty and the prints were lavish with illustrations of cruelty's satisfaction.

Violence became part of Hogarth's medium. It was no expression of paranoid hostility, a persecutory retaliation against persecution. It appeared to revel in moral degradation, sensual cruelty and social doom, yet the standpoint was not merely misanthropic. The purpose was more specific; the object of the assault in these prints, which were indubitably tasteless yet irrefutably appealing, was the tyranny of taste. The social subject and the human race itself were treated like pawns in a bitter personal struggle. Yet the intensity of the personal animus is far from diminishing the meaning. The problem of Hogarth's prints is related to the whole problem, with which the twentieth century has confronted us, of the significance of the art that testifies forcefully against the institution of art. There are odd analogies in method. The superimposed references and symbols, the heaping up of borrowed imagery, which is mocked and defaced, and the cataract of inscriptions form in Hogarth's later plates a fabric of defiant incongruities. Affecting the manner of the broadsheet and its sensational subjects, and having two of his most horrifying designs cut on wood in the same way, Hogarth took up a position that was in more than one respect like that of the painters who now align themselves with popular art—and it was similarly resented. The complex apparatus of the convention against which Hogarth rebelled remained at his disposal, and he took advantage of the irony. The late baroque style produced no more splendidly tumultuous invention than "Painting the Member", yet the style was sardonically identified with the corrupt institution.

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The extremity of Hogarth's anti-art was possible only in the prints. Its methods were essentially those of popular graphic convention, but under the pressure of his bitterness the illustrative and symbolic material was forced into a more and more personal, obsessive shape. The inscribed scrolls, lettered tablets and legible books of the emblematic convention, for example, grew on him. They proliferated until the jumble of verbalization sometimes became the chief subject; the "teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of words" dictated its own chaotic pattern and we must turn the sheet round and round to read it. Presently someone will notice that these designs foreshadow the disjointed rotary typography of some manifestos of anti-art in the twentieth century, and one does not altogether look forward to the discovery. Yet it is clear that Hogarth's sardonic message expresses a recurrent position whose very essence is the disruptive fury that forbids it to be spelt out in *chair*.

The persecution that Hogarth feared was certainly not imaginary. Professor Paulson shows that Hogarth "carried the stigmas of popular artist and negative satirist, and around these his public image, his theoretical justifications of his practice and his own satire, world took shape". Hogarth's kind of battle invites defeat, and the idea was not unwelcome to him. He cherished the foreboding conclusion of his *Autobiographical Notes* while in fact continuing to work on the manuscript. As Professor Paulson points out, "only a narrow line in his case separated paranoid obsession from conscious prose". There was an element of both in his last print, the "Tailpiece, or The Bathos". With the aid of an adaptation from Salvator, he took up the theme of Pope's old parody of Longinus, the source of the tradition of the Sublime. Hogarth's subject and standpoint were different, but the energetic rejection of a conventionally passive mood, the refusal to sink, was the same. In Hogarth it was mixed with desperation, but it represented nonetheless what was most creative in the national spirit in the eighteenth century and later. The emaciated forms of "The Bathos" are not obviously heroic; there is a hint of self-pity. Nevertheless the mortification itself is full of meaning.

England has never lacked reasons for discounting Hogarth, and it may seem that a genius which was tragically divided against itself can hardly count among the greatest. Nevertheless the split gave a view of the truth, which was in its way as great an achievement as Hogarth's most likeable paintings. Art is a function of human society and its tribulations have a vital significance. It may be that Hogarth's prints, through their specific and bitter reflection of the dilemma that pride and talent faced in a certain social context, indeed through their very subjectivity and imbalance, tell more of lasting value about the individual in society even than the sociological and moralizing apologies have claimed. The collapse of "great" painting—the kind of painting in which there was a natural, traditional accord between a great theme, a grand manner and splendid patronage—was the ultimate basis of modern painting. Possibly the fact that the issue was posed so clearly in Britain in the middle of the eighteenth century had a part in determining the peculiar extremity and originality of the position that British painting took up in the Romantic era.

PLANNING THE BOMB

WILFRID EGGLESTON: *Canada's Nuclear Story*. 368pp. Harrap Research Publications. 35s.

Before he begins Canada's nuclear story Mr. Eggleston, with his eye too what has come out of Britain and America in this class, quotes rather sadly Rutherford's dictum that scientists are not good at explaining simply what they do, and adds that as a journalist he has no pretensions to write authoritatively about what the professionals will look for in his book. There is nothing new about this; it is one of the unresolved dilemmas of our time.

He labours here, as others before him have done, under the pressure of an extraordinary phenomenon. The discovery of nuclear fission, with its possibility of establishing a controlled chain reaction, leading to either a single devastating release of energy or to a continuous flow of electric power, happened to coincide with the opening stages of a world war. Those who worked out the basic principles of this process were Europeans; when Hitler's war came many of them found refuge in continue their work in Britain and America. The Maud Report, suggesting the feasibility of producing an atomic bomb before the war ended, came from the British at the lowest ebb of their fortunes, when America was leaning over backwards in neutrality. It pointed, bearingwhere, towards a transfer of extension of the Anglo-American co-operation in research and development which had made a promising start in other fields, and Canada came into the picture as the main allied source of uranium.

Mr. Eggleston's account, from Canada's point of view, of the course of events between then and Hiroshima is a sombre object lesson in what may happen when statesmen, scientists and fighting services, nominally united in war, attempt to handle the intricate development of an extremely explosive idea. The first false step was the decision of the British Chiefs of Staff to go it alone. This was nonsensical because the project required such resources in wealth, materials and manpower as only America could supply. A compromise solution, locating the main effort in America, but with full exchange of scientific results, seemed to be on the way, and part of this agreement was the transfer of the British team, heavily stocked with eminent refugee scientists, to continue their heavy water research in a Montreal laboratory. These projected arrangements foundered on the rock of secrecy. Every public figure in Mr. Eggleston's story began to look anxiously over his shoulder—at the refugee scientists as bad security risks, at Germany's hypothetical progress along the same road, at Anglo-Russian agreements in this field, and even at postwar seizure by this or that organization of the development of nuclear power.

After Pearl Harbour the American military authorities decided in their turn to go it alone; they had the power to do so. Thus began the years of Anglo-American wrangles about security restrictions which, as drawn up by the Americans, seemed to nullify the general sense of previous Churchill - Roosevelt agreements. According to Mr. Eggleston, America got the uranium it wanted from Canada over the heads of its government, and the Montreal team endured several years of frustration, starved of materials and initiative, and lamentably lacking a sense of direction. This bitter period was ended by the Churchill-Roosevelt agreement at the end of 1943, which verbally reversed the trend of what was happening in enormous plants up and down America, without of course halting its tremendous momentum. Further months were lost in interpreting its clauses before the Montreal team could feel, with the arrival of Sir John Cockcroft to direct them, firm ground under their feet and a future before them. Hiroshima had almost arrived. Whatever the moralists may say, this was a magnificent *technical* achievement, and Mr. Eggleston, who is scrupulously fair to the American point of view, gives the moralists a lot to think over.

The rest—indeed the greater part—of the book is a history of the following twenty years of Canadian research and development of nuclear reactors for the production of electrical power in increasingly large pockets of energy. Many non-professionals may fall out from Mr. Eggleston's long march through this difficult country. It begins with the building of Chalk River, a township in a wilderness on the Ottawa River, and ends with a map of several offsprings from the parent establishment. However a chain reaction is produced in the never ending hunt for higher efficiency, the internal changes on the way to power production are never simple. The control and use of fissile by-products, for example, the extraction of isotopes for medical tracers and other purposes, is as important as power production. Extreme engineering precision is necessary to guard against the chain running away with itself into a disaster of uncontrolled radiation. One of the highlights of Mr. Eggleston's narrative is his vivid account of an accident of this sort which put the Chalk River plant out of action for many months. His final chapters, assessing Canada's place in the world of nuclear technology, have naturally enough a propagandist flavour. They suggest that her most powerful reactors not only work safely but also at a cost that is competitive with all her older sources of power.

COMPOSER IN PICTURES

Joseph Haydn. Sein Leben in zeitgenössischen Bildern. Gesammelt, erläutert und mit einer Ikonographie der authentischen Haydn-Bildnisse versehen von László Somfai. 245pp. Budapest: Corvina Press.

The last of the 394 illustrations comprising this handsome book shows, on an otherwise blank page, a coil of rather battered piano wire attached to a label inscribed: "Auf diesen Saiten hat Haydn gespielt"—a simple and eloquent way of saying "the rest is silence". The choice and display of this final picture is worthy of the imaginative insight with which the collection has been made and presented. The sequence is chronological, and opens with a map of the district of Rohrau in 1730 where Haydn was born, followed by a picture of his birthplace and the entry in the baptismal register. Most of the pages in this great panorama of the seventy-seven years from 1732 to 1809 bear a linking commentary either supplied by Dr. Somfai or else selected principally from Haydn's own writings or from his early biographers Dies and Griesinger.

Some idea of the scope of this book can perhaps best be given by considering its contents in various groups. Portraits are probably the most numerous, and all the known representations of Haydn are here. It seems strange that there is no extant portrait of him earlier than 1768 when he was thirty-six. But the next thirty years produced more than a score of pictures and busts: one of the best things in the book is the scholarly and fully documented comparative study of all those that are genuine. All Haydn's musical friends—singers, conductors, composers—are here, sometimes placed with telling effect in their environment. For instance, Georg Reutter looks at the Kapellhaus at the west front of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna where Haydn was one of the six choir boys in his charge. It is unfortunate that there are no known portraits of Luigia Polzelli, or of Frau Genzinger or Mrs. Schroeter—the first, Haydn's mistress from 1780 onwards, the two last valued friends and correspondents of his later years. If the miniature of a gem, hirsute lady, supposed to be Haydn's wife, really is she, he deserves more sympathy than perhaps we hitherto realized. The faces of the members of the royal and princely families who are necessarily included as Haydn's employers or patrons are mostly of rather familiar types, and are of much less personal interest to posterity than these four ladies.

The bibliographical coverage is wide and excellent. The preface includes a dozen specimens of Haydn's signature, from music and documents, ranging from 1760 to 1808. There are numerous reproductions of his musical autographs, all carefully dated and supplied with Hoboken reference numbers, even to the second volume, yet to be published, comprising the vocal works. Dr. Somfai has unearthed a drawing and plan of the papermill at Lockenhaus, where much of the music paper used by Haydn was made. He also reproduces six of the commonest watermarks. Another interesting group of pictures shows a copyist's bill and some copyists' hands. Title-pages of first editions are also included.

Various documents and places connected with Haydn himself are quite fascinating. The contract of his first employment with Prince Paul Anton Esterházy in 1761 is given in full. So is the autograph of Haydn's autobiographical sketch written in 1776. It is as moving to see the ground plan and elevation of Haydn's house in Gumpendorf as his name in the last payments made to the opera company at Esterháza before it was dissolved in 1790. Unfamiliar pictures of theatres, stage and costume designs, of little-known singers and producers, of orchestral material in contemporary boxes, bear vivid witness to Haydn's work as an operatic composer, above all at Esterháza. It is indeed all the illustrations of this fantastic place that will be especially interesting to the reader outside Hungary. Some of the great Austrian abbeys are included as housing substantial manuscript collections of Haydn's music; also some fine churches and palaces where famous works were first heard.

In general, Dr. Somfai has maintained a high level of scholarship and accuracy in the captions to the illustrations and in the separate list of their sources. Occasionally, there is a slip, as in the discrepancy between No. 11 and No. 200. Both these are pictures by Bernardo Bellotto, but the caption of the latter reads "von Canalello". The index entry reads, rather confusingly: Canaletto (Bernardo Bellotto). It is, however, among the illustrations of the two visits which Haydn paid to England in 1791-92 and 1794-95, that shortcomings are mostly found. In February and April, 1795, Haydn noted in his diary visits to the Queen "in Buckingham house", which words are quoted beside the anachronistic caption "Buckingham Palace". On one of his excursions from London he went to Newport, Isle of Wight, and saw Carisbrooke Castle. The caption to the print simply describes this as "Das Burgschloss in Newport", regardless of how many English towns bear this name. Haydn's visit to Oxford to receive an honorary degree is duly illustrated, but the picture of the High, showing The Queen's College, is captioned "Queens [sic] University". The illustration of Cambridge looking south down Trinity Lane is nowhere near "zeitgenössisch" but around 1835. The statue of Handel described as "von L. F. Roubiliee (1738) damals in Vauxhall Gardens" is the terracotta model (as in fact is stated in the list of sources) which was never put in the gardens.

A good many of the English subjects have been obtained from what is described as the "Mansell Collection". Since the general reader in Europe may not know that this is a photographic agency, it is rather unfortunate when this is given as the sole source for various pictures, including Gainsborough's enchanting portrait of Queen Charlotte, with no mention of the fact that the original is in the collection of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II. To some extent the selection of portraits is a matter of taste, but it is a pity that as two of Lady Hamilton are reproduced, neither gives the faintest idea of her charm or character. For titlepages and the like, the edition is usually clearly stated. It is strange that the description of the so-called "Titelblatt der Schöpfung" is misleading and incomplete—merely "Ersch. 1. J. 1801". For this is not a titlepage but a frontispiece, drawn by Choffard after Raphael, for the Pleyel edition of the vocal score. On a point of process, one may doubt if No. 210a, a view of London by William Daniell, "c. 1805", can be a "Farblithog."; at that date it must surely be an aquatint, or perhaps a plain lithograph coloured by hand. It is a pity that in points such as these Dr. Somfai has not maintained the generally high standard of description. His book will give great and lasting pleasure to admirers of Haydn, for it is a labour of love which illuminates the character and creative life of a great man.

SERIALIST

PIERRE BOULEZ: *Relevés d'apprenti.* Edited by Paul Thévenin. Paris: Editions du Seuil. 35fr.

Relevés d'apprenti is a useful and varied collection of articles written by Boulez for various musical publications between 1948 and 1962. They are arranged in four sections, in chronological order in each section, the first dealing with aesthetics and the second with the techniques of music today; the third consists of commentaries and critical essays on various twentieth-century composers, and the fourth has various factual articles written for *L'Encyclopédie de la Musique* (Lesquelle, 1958 and 1961).

It is, of course, the second section of this book which reflects Boulez's mind as a composer. The whole of the second article, "Stravinsky demeure", and part of the first, "Propositions", are devoted to a rhythmical analysis of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*. His approach to this work shows a minute concern for detail which is very characteristic of his own compositions, but there is a tendency to lose sight of the consequences of Stravinsky's rhythmic methods for the work as a whole, although "Propositions" indicates how Boulez himself develops some of his own rhythmic techniques from *Le Sacre*. Little is said, oddly enough, about Messiaen's contribution in the field of rhythm and what little there is is unfavourable. At the time when this article was written, however, in 1948, Messiaen had not yet developed his rhythmic techniques to the full, and some of his most interesting contributions were yet to come.

The final article in this section, "Tendances de la musique récente" (1957), deals with changes in the conception of serialism since Webern as a consequence of the extension of the serial principle to aspects of musical structure other than pitch, and—in electronic music—by the concept of a temperament not based on the octave.

For Boulez—and for many other composers too—a whole new field is opened up in composition by serial methods; and tonal or pseudotonal functions are thereby rendered irrelevant. It is as well to remember, however, as Boulez points out in his article "Série" in Part IV of the book, that there is no longer any mystique about the number 12 in connexion with serialism. Each parameter of a composition implies its own method of organization and it is absurd to reduce the structure of all parameters to one common set of figures.

Boulez is something of a purist in regarding serialism as the only valid method of composition at this present time. In this respect he is perhaps but as a consequence he often where in his articles concerning as Schönberg ("Schönberg" for his use of traditional twelve-tone music, or Bergsonian juxtaposition of his own harmonization and Bach's version of the Chorale in Violin Concerto, or "Trajectoires") for his attached into neoclassicism. Some levels assume—by a mass audience of classical forms in conjunction with serial technique and Stravinsky's classicism are certainly rather clumsy; but both take the first throwing together of two incompatible elements as the basis for composition, and the second throwback from which it can be traced. Having conscripted their audible to proceed further, space into a tour of the works and esting to note that the best-footed it with printer's ink, both Stravinsky during this period least neoclassical in their approach, including its attention. Mr. Harling, e.g., The Symphony of Psalms.

In the case of the Berg Violin Concerto, however, no incongruity arises, as the tonal harmonies of the Chorale is already implicit in the tonal character of the series, that Bach's harmonization, with the series in a strict sense, the tonal character of a tone sound out of place in the series because of the tonal character of the series which Berg has emphasized in previous sections.

That Boulez has a more appreciation of these composers in general is apparent from his about them written for *L'Encyclopédie de la musique*. These articles on Debussy and Webern in this section, as one might one disagrees with his view, and also one on Bartók, does not feature in this section. Boulez specifically names besides Webern, Schönberg, Bartók as one of the "three of modern music.

Boulez has clearly emerged of the great composers and tors of his generation and it that this collection of articles marks him out as a great critic. It must be acknowledged that his has to say is significant, and to the contemporary situation musical world, even if, as

The Belgian Académie Royale Langue et de Littérature Française has published the second volume of its *Bibliographie des écrivains français de Belgique*, covering letters DET-G and the years 1960. It is available from the des Académies in Brussels, Belgian fr. or $5.

VISITORS TO EGYPT

LESLIE GREENER: *The Discovery of Egypt.* 216pp. Cassell. 36s.

A few years ago a Danish scholar, Erik Iversen, published an unusual book, *The Myth of Egypt and its Hieroglyphs in European Tradition.* It was a labour of love, in which he traced the history of scholarly interest in ancient Egypt, particularly in its peculiar script, from late classical times down to the decipherment of hieroglyphics in the early nineteenth century. Mr. Leslie Greener has now performed a complementary labour of love, taking as his theme the history of the rediscovery of the land of Egypt and its ancient monuments by visitors from western countries.

He starts his story properly with Herodotus, the value of whose account of Egypt, stuffed though it is with nonsense taken uncritically from unreliable informants, becomes ever more appreciated as more is known of the shadowy period when he visited Egypt. The story of discovery could, however, have been started even earlier, for the Egyptians themselves were the earliest antiquaries of ancient Egypt, and the earliest tourists of its monuments. How many uninscribed buildings are identified, often perhaps erroneously, by the graffiti of Egyptians of later periods who came to wonder at the Step Pyramid, for example, or at the pyramid of Meydum! Such visitors were, nevertheless, in the main stream of the ancient tradition which was not finally interrupted until the early centuries A.D. The progress of rediscovery was slow, intermittent, and conducted in uninformed gloom until the early nineteenth century when the understanding of Egyptian writing led to the precise identification of ancient sites and the proper comprehension of the monuments. Mr. Greener ends his tale with the establishment of an organized antiquities service under the direction of Auguste Mariette, which marked the end of the free-for-all.

It is a fascinating tale of intrepid travellers, pious pilgrims, of rough adventurers and men with noble aims, of learned scholars engaged in primitive field-work, of diplomats involved in sordid intrigues, squabbling over doubtful concessions for excavation in the mad rush to obtain the loot which the soil of Egypt seemed to yield up endlessly. What is surprising is the number of articulate travellers who visited Egypt from the mid-sixteenth century onwards. A clearly marked tourist round was well established by the early eighteenth century, and successive travellers can be seen to have trodden the same paths and visited the same sites. At Saqqara the local inhabitants were clearly as well organized in 1750 to conduct the gullible traveller through the ibis-catacombs as their descendants are today to expound the marvels of the Serapeum to the two-week package-tourist.

Published accounts of travellers have provided the bulk of the material for this book, but the author has not been content to reproduce their tales simply. The various stages in the rediscovery are traced separately, and their different aspects considered individually. An obvious historical order is avoided and the story made splendidly lively by the clever use of anecdote within straight narrative. Mr. Greener has set out to write a book intended to divert, and in this he is wholly successful. Yet a great deal of interesting information is passed on by the way, culled from unexpected and little-known sources. Equally is he successful in his choice of illustrations which are almost wholly drawn from old publications. Imaginative conceptions of the Sphinx accompany absurd reconstructions of hieroglyphic inscriptions; the romantic paintings of David Roberts balance the careful, and yet subtly wrong, drawings of the early copyists. It is fun, but it is also sad. Many of the monuments which were once to be seen have long since perished. How one envies the eighteenth-century traveller who could wander among the substantial ruins of Antinoopolis and the temple of Armant! These buildings are now incorporated in sugar factories and other less worthy constructions. What will the Mr. Greener of the twenty-second century have to say about the Nubian temples which at this moment are being moved from their ancient sites? Will he speak of them in the past tense? Will they survive the travail of their moves? That future Mr. Greener will be hard put to write a better book than this, for however great his own ability, he will scarcely have such well-written, entertaining sources to draw on as are used here.

The index to *The Times Literary Supplement* for 1966 is now published at 10s., post free. Orders should be addressed to the Publisher, *The Times*, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4.

Fiction

PRESS GANGS

ROBERT HARLING: *The Hollow Sunday.* 260pp. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

TONY GRAY: *The Real Professionals.* 217pp. Heinemann. 25s.

WILFRID SHEED: *Office Politics.* 339pp. Cassell. 25s.

Newspapermen, the last of the professional romantics, insist in their rare self-communing moments feel themselves to belong to a species that has scarcely survived its own logical extinction. If they are indeed dying it is for long and spectacular deaths. So the first two of these novels deal with a dying newspaper, Mr. Harling's is brilliantly patterned and Mr. Gray's by comparison rather clumsy; but both take for granted that readers are going to be fascinated by the techniques as well as the tensions of newspaper life. Having conscripted their audience they take us on a tour of the works and shows how printers are faced with the problem of finding its attention. Mr. Harling, in *The Hollow Sunday*, succeeds.

Far from presiding at some kind of general pyre, he actually launches a new Sunday paper complete with colour, web offset and every modern device. He also has a good story, which he tells with the same compulsive but fallacious urgency that keeps Sunday readers at their devotions all that day and sometimes well into the week. Sometimes his style seems to be imitating, even parodying, his subject-matter, as in those sawn-off telephone conversations and potted descriptions that read like captions in gossip columnist's labels. "From this quick step to the set of his shoulders he was brimful of importance": that goes far much in this book. A wife (lived apart from) is described as "tall and slim, with fine bones, fine eyes and the most captivating chestnut hair in Christendom".

On the face of it and there is little more to it than face this is deal writing about dead people, an echoing at the super-bright journalism that already seems old-fashioned. Yet it is deliberate and, within the terms Mr. Harling has set himself, inevitable. He is victim as well as celebrant; and amid all the well-cut uniforms the political editor takes care "to tie-arrange the steel-edge crease of his fashionably narrow trousers" and the expensive working lunches "needless to say at the Savoy", the chopper is always near. The story, adroitly plotted, carries a double theme: the machinations of the proprietor who mysteriously pegs the swinging new paper's circulation, and the unmasking of a socially valuable but unscrupulous don who has been given a job in the government. Motives are cleverly mixed. The excitement never flags. The tone is dead right.

Mr. Harling's central character is a simple writing man who realizes his humble status in the Fleet Street power game. Mr. Gray's, in *The Real Professionals*, is simpler still. Indeed, one cannot help feeling that Mr. Gray's young sweats, binging away on the office pub about the men who control their drinking money, would hardly last a month on the Harling payroll. The chant of this primitive priesthood is a monolithic grouse. It is not ability but ruthlessness that gets a man to the top, where his pyre, when it comes to be lit, burns all the brighter. Again the writer is a mere pawn, the P.R.O. of the journalistic army. Not that Mr. Gray's word-sloggers give the impression that they could get much beyond four-letter ones.

Where Mr. Harling is slick, Mr. Gray is sentimental. Both are faithful to their trade. Wilfrid Sheed's novel, *Office Politics*, is a different kind of book about a different kind of journalism. Deep in the slower but equally tricky currents of the highbrow magazine world, it has no headlines or deadlines to cope with, no frantic pace or loudness of voice to maintain. Burdened by no heroic trappings it is better situated to get on with the patient and subtle job of being a good novel. Far from being sacrificed to their vehicle, Mr. Sheed's characters successfully ride it. The result is satisfying: a serious, accurate comedy with the right priorities. Whereas the Harling characters matter only in the context of the issue they are up against, men of one edition, Mr. Sheed uses his setting to isolate and magnify human specimens who are fascinating in their own right. Nothing happens that would take even a paragraph in the public eye. The intriguing over the apparently vacant editorship of the *Outsider* is subtler, if no less deadly, than the knifework of Fleet Street. But on any reckoning that measures a novel as something more than just a good story, Mr. Sheed wins hands down.

DEATH OF A PRESIDENT

HELEN HUDSON: *Tell the Time to Note.* 249pp. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

SARAH KILPATRICK: *Ladies' Close.* 192pp. Gollancz. 25s.

CECELIA HOLLAND: *The Firestrake.* 243pp. Hoddar and Stoughton. 21s.

An academic setting has obvious attractions for the novelist. Sequestered from society's mechanical routines as well as from its amorphous confusion, the university can be a microcosm of political, emotional, and intellectual situations which seem intensified and homogeneous because of their importance to those on the campus—and, quite often, their unimportance to those off it. Miss Hudson, in a first novel of remarkable poise and intelligence, focuses this intensity by bringing together all her characters—members of a large, distinguished, nameless American university—for the funeral of the university president. As they make their way to the chapel and sit silently confronted by death, they think back to other deaths—the pale red-headed scruffy student whose body was found in the library and whose suicide at least two professors were partly responsible for, and, in the case of Hallam, the shy widower who has never made the grade, to the death of his brother and the gruesome funeral visit to his family in England.

Of course one must allow for some contrivance in a novel which discovers half-a-dozen spiritual crises coinciding during the space of a few hours, and Miss Hudson, for all her acute observations—she is often as friendish and funny as Miss McCarthy on the pretensions of academies—is not above a good many sentimental comments on the great traditions of "an ancient, universal company . . . intellectual progeny of those nonkilish scholars, with their fine, seamed faces . . . wise enough to carry the learning of generations". But when she flashes back to particular situations—the relationship between Hallam, and his contemporary Al Beazley, forever jibing sourly at the honours which elude him, or the head of Hallam's college, breathlessly keeping up with young society—then she shows how good a novelist she could become. Because Hallam is an outsider, not only among the dons, who respect his English accent more than his knowledge of Elizabethan poetry, but also in his family, who regarded the dead tycoon Victor as their one proud possession, he represents the virtues and vices of the academic—watching, sickened, the struggles for power and fame, yet too limp and withdrawn to shoulder the responsibilities of human contact—to rescue a potential suicide, break down a jolly façade, interfere in a hideously cruel marriage.

Perhaps it is because Hallam is so intellectual that *Tell the Time to Note* seems unlikely to cause much of a stir—to recognize the precision and warmth behind Miss Hudson's writing demands a fastidious reader, not looking for kicks of any kind. Yet how much better to be allowed to find pleasure in this way than to be briefed, as one is by the publishers of *Ladies' Close*, with a jacket claiming that although

> we have travelled a long way from the world of Jane Austen . . . the author of *Sense and Sensibility* would, we feel sure, find much to appreciate in this novel of sense and sensuality . . . would admire its sharp intelligence and disillusioned wit, its mischievous sense of absurdity . . ., &c., &c.

The invocation of Jane Austen is not merely cheap, it is ridiculous. Here is a novel also with a vaguely academic setting—in so far as the narrator, Chloe, is a middle-aged Eng.Lit. don at Oxbridge—but which quickly reveals itself as a titillating excursion into lesbian and heterosexual mores.

Chloe is sent off to recover from a disastrous affair with the principal's niece and settles cosily into The Close, where undernourished dirty painters and West End matinée idols occupy dinky cottages round a green. A particularly nasty frustrated girl student called Emmy insists on moving in to "look after" Chloe, but spitefully thwarts all affectionate efforts at healing, and blatantly—and quite improbably—seduces every male in sight. Miss Kilpatrick has a certain jaky facility when dealing with the inbows and preoccupations of donnish spinsterhood, but grows more preposterously unconvincing page by page.

The Firestrake, another first novel by a young American author, is an impressive effort, if only because it succeeds in conveying something of Miss Holland's own excitement over her period. In curt, racy, but never slapdash language, she takes us on the heetic and blondy trail of an eleventh-century Irish mercenary, who hires himself to William of Normandy. Laeghaire, with his black horse and his spitting and his wanderlust, is a remarkably likable ruffian, not afraid to insult the future King of England—who is also, we are to believe, a loyal, brave and savagely gay extrovert, conscious that but for this "Irish" he might have lost Hastings. Miss Holland asks the reader to see 1066 as "the continual, unforeseeable present", and in so far as such currently well-worn ground can be made to seem brutally fresh, she shows an unusual skill and imaginative power.

DOWN AND UNDER

PETER COWAN: *Seed.* 308pp. Angus and Robertson. 27s. 6d.

Peter Cowan is one of the most interesting Australian writers of prose, but his past successes have been mainly in the field of the short story. His particular ability has been to evoke landscape, and the reaction of human beings to it. His characters have not, in themselves, been memorable; but they have not needed to be. His sense of place has carried him through.

In *Seed*, which is a rather long novel, he has applied his method to an examination of two or three middle-class families in a suburb of Perth, and has attempted to portray, by inference, something of modern Australian life. The parents all have teenage boys going to the same school. The boys, although they have the use of their parents' cars, have taken to "borrowing" cars at night for joyrides. The marriage of one of the boys' parents is breaking up.

The ingredients are very ordinary, but one could reasonably have expected Mr. Cowan to create something original out of them. Disappointingly he has failed to do so. Both his adults and his teenagers seem little more than sets of stereotyped responses to the pressures of modern life, and the depressing ordinariness of their lives is unredeemed by the kind of poetic illumination that makes Patrick White's *The Tree of Man* so fascinating an achievement. If anything, Mr. Cowan's prose is less assured here than when he is describing on a smaller scale. *Seed* is really little more than a Western Australian version of *Peyton Place*.

TIME AND MOTION

JULIO CORTÁZAR: *Todos los fuegos el fuego.* 197pp. Buenos Aires: Editorial Sudamericana. Oxford: Dolphin Book Co. 14s.

Like his mentor and fellow Argentinian, Jorge Luis Borges, Julio Cortázar is often concerned with the point at which an ordinary situation slips without explanation into mystery, falling into the grip of elusive metaphysical forces, and it is this preoccupation which has produced some of the best in the present collection of eight short stories.

In "La autopista" (The Motorway), drivers of Dauphines, Caravelles and Simcas realize that a traffic jam which has brought them to a halt near Paris on the *autoroute du sud* may last for several months. The mysterious block is to some extent just a good excuse for Cortázar to examine the reactions of a cross-section of people to an exterior threat: social pragmatism is seen forced by the need to cope with sanitation problems, food and water shortage, accommodation, death and a work-shy opposition. When the traffic moves again the girl in the Dauphine and the man in the Peugeot 404, whose lives had been brought together by the jam, are separated at the whim of the six-lane motorway system, and the community is, similarly, dismembered. As often with Kafka and Borges, or Buñuel in, say, *The Exterminating Angel*, the allegory strains to make points of no great originality, and the interest of the work lies primarily in a situation that answers to nothing but its own absurd rules: Señor Cortázar manipulates these with sufficient skill to make the contrived seem impressively natural.

In another mood he examines the lives of the middle class in pre-Peronist Buenos Aires. In these stories his characters cling to each other with morbid, self-pitying possessiveness. Usually the illness, imagined or real, of one of them, paralyses the lives of the rest, and its pain multiplies to the family, their friends and, by implication, the whole of society.

In "Reunión" an alternative is offered in revolution. This story is based on the fate of the Argentinian Che Guevara's party when they landed with Fidel Castro in Cuba on the Granma, and were separated from their "gentle leader". The gentle leader comes across rather too touchingly at the moment of eventual tension, but the intermittent "discomfort" when some sixty out of eighty guerrillas were killed by overwhelmingly superior forces, is effectively compared in flashbacks with the acid comfort of those liberals who, in Buenos Aires, prefer snugly middle-class security.

"El otro cielo" (The Other Sky) is more typical of Cortázar. The hero's Argentinian attachments frighten fiancée, talking politics over a glass of *maté* are contrasted with his rather too exotic love for Josiane, a French prostitute. The hero roams about the arcades of wartime Buenos Aires, the Boba, the Passage Guéméne—to get away from his mother—turns a few corners, and suddenly he is near the Bourse, or in the Passage des Petits-Pères, in Paris, thus embodying an Argentinian fixation that Paris and Buenos Aires are indistinguishable. But Señor Cortázar loves juggling about not only with place but also with time and the Paris he presents is the Paris of 1870, its *carrosses* jogging happily towards the Belle Époque, and Josiane walking towards him, ready to share an idyllic evening before his return home to another, fiancée, *maté* and the 1940s.

It is perhaps this slightly faked metaphysical exoticism that has done most for Señor Cortázar's reputation in Latin America, where he is now considered the continent's leading novelist. He would be more impressive if he pruned down some of his pretensions. In the present collection, where he ventures metaphysically not only into France but also into the Aldwych (a story dedicated to Peter Brook) and into a Roman arena, he seems to be straining to show his more provincial brethren that he is impressively cosmopolitan. He might do better to concentrate his great talents more strenuously on Latin America.

SKIRTING ROUND CHINA'S BORDERS

FRANCIS WATSON: *The Frontiers of China.* 224pp. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

In its first debate this term, the Oxford Union admitted by a narrow majority to its fear of "The Yellow Peril". There is a very widespread anxiety nowadays about possible Chinese expansionism, and as the dust jacket of this book says, no one has ever produced a summary of the complex situation around the whole of China's borders. Unfortunately, for all his elegance of style, Mr. Watson cannot be said to have filled the gap satisfactorily.

In the first place it must be noted that he is primarily concerned with China's Indian frontier, and what he has to say about the much longer border with the Soviet Union is so short as to be rather unhelpful (George Patterson's recent paperback *The Unquiet Frontier* is far more informative on this, and in a mere 120 pages).

Like many Englishmen whose knowledge of Asia is Indocentric, Mr. Watson is able to get to the heart of the Indian case but cannot do the same with the Chinese, and the result is one-sided. He is also prone to exaggerate his points even to the extent of misstatement. It is an exaggeration to say that the Sino-Burmese Treaty of Friendship and Non-Agression of 1960 tended to "restrict the scope of an independent Burmese policy", unless the practical possibilities of a Burmese foreign policy are themselves exaggerated.

On another page Mr. Watson refers to the Chinese as "deliberately restricting . . . Mongol culture and language in Inner Mongolia", and yet the whole point of his context is to compare Chinese with Soviet policy towards the Mongols and no one who has studied the intricacies of this comparison would make such an unqualified statement. And when Mr. Watson says that the McMahon Line "had not been openly challenged" by the Chinese before the clashes of the late 1950s he is apparently unaware of the Kuomintang protest Notes to New Delhi between 1945 and 1948.

At some points Mr. Watson shows himself conscious of the emotional factors behind China's current frontier policies. He thus ascribes China's reluctance to debate seriously the historical evidence, mainly nineteenth-century, in which the Indians are so well versed, to "a general distaste for the treaties of the past, as the documentation of periods of relative weakness in China's history". But he does not follow his perceptions through to their logical conclusion. He himself notes that because it was impossible to draw China and Tibet into discussions the British therefore carried out frontier surveys and definitions in Ladakh unilaterally, and yet he argues that their efforts culminated in "a well-authenticated boundary which held good until the Chinese Communist challenge". Mr. Watson, intentionally or not, omits from his discussion the fact that after the Simla Agreement of 1914 the Indian Government unilaterally shifted the McMahon Line northwards to include Longju (which the Chinese now claim and occupy) and other villages.

He fails to convey the strong emotions which explain, though they do not necessarily excuse, China's present-day policies. Mr. Watson's conclusion, that Peking needs the perpetuation of border tensions in order to strengthen internal discipline, seems to spring from a somewhat incomplete understanding of China's historical situation. And this is really the difficulty, that Mr. Watson has travelled faithfully all round China's borders, as it were, without ever going inside China to see what they look like from there. He has access to Nehru's informal minutes of the crucial conversations between the two Prime Ministers, but never to Chou's, and he does not warn us that his conclusions are therefore likely to be partial.

Mr. Watson, faced with the almost total ignorance of Chinese policy-making into which all of us are cast, conjures up a picture of inhuman efficiency and unremitting purposiveness in Peking. Every act or omission, every delay or expedition must be explained as deliberately contrived for some genuine purpose. Nehru had publicly declared the McMahon Line to be India's border in 1950, and China, in Mr. Watson's eyes, spoils her case by not immediately recording her objections. Indeed Mr. Watson goes so far as to say of the borders that, "To bring them into dispute was the object of Chinese policy, not to settle an already existing conflict".

All this underestimates the very strong factor of Chinese bureaucracy which can be efficient on key questions for short periods, but is for the most part extraordinarily old-fashioned and cumbersome and of the Chinese cultural tradition. It is increasingly unconvincing to paint China as a monolithic state in which everything is done by whim and push-buttons. Mr. Watson does not even suggest to us the possibility of a very sharp but completely private domestic debate within Chinese decision-making circles on the border questions. There are undoubtedly hawks and doves on this issue in China, and some of Chou's remarks abroad, in Rangoon and elsewhere, during the 1959-60 period make sense only in such a context.

Mr. Watson's final picture is one of implacable irredentism, but he does not really suggest to us any criticism by which to judge China's duty or otherwise of staking her claims. He makes a parallel between Lin Pei-hsun's 1952 map showing "Chinese" territories which were "lost to" foreign powers in the nineteenth century, but he discusses the question of Chinese sovereignty or mere influence in Burma, which has been "lost", and left the impression that the Chinese Communists in South-east Asia at the time of the Empires fell far short of Communism, however much Chinese leaders may like to pretend otherwise.

Nor does Mr. Watson attempt to reconcile these maps of China's claims with the existence of the clear and correct diplomatic frontiers between China and some of her neighbours. Governments in the area to which Mr. Watson also finds similarities, such as the *Centre Geography* of Burma of 1964, and yet the book has diplomatic value, but that is a real its north-eastern border issue. And he has shown that, in sibly explained by the many ways, the struggle in North Burma and Laos is more important than Ussuri), which the struggle in Tennessee. For not otherwise be concealed by many people, even in the South, really frontier mark, than by a sight of taking a lead from Tennessee and a good many states in the to proclaim them as such.

In sum, Mr. Watson has The Confederacy *did* think of taking got to grips with the heart of Kentucky.

lem and a helpful handbook on the Carolina was more important than frontiers of China still to come. Not between "those two mountains written. The maps, however, are extremely poor.

RACES OF ASIA

GUY HUNTER: *South-East Asia—Race, Culture, and Nation.* 190pp. Institute of Race Relations. 35s.

When the Portuguese captured Malacca in 1511, and thereby established the first European foothold in South-east Asia, that region was already extremely complex in its ethnic, cultural and linguistic composition. Hindu-Buddhist influences from the Indian subcontinent had established themselves over a non-Indian substratum, and in the Malay world were in the process of being overlaid by yet another alien influence, Islam. In Vietnam the Viets, very much Sinicized in their culture and government, were advancing southward at the expense of the Indianized Chams. The penetration of the sophisticated influences of India, China and the Middle East was far from complete. There were tribal peoples in hill tracts, jungles and islands who were virtually untouched by external civilization. With the coming of the Portuguese, and the Spaniards shortly after them, another influence, that of the Roman Catholic Church, was added to the palimpsest. The cultural picture was to be further complicated in subsequent centuries by the influence of the Dutch, the British, and the French.

Alien populations as well as alien cultures had been penetrating South-east Asia long before the coming of the Europeans. The Malays may well have migrated in prehistoric times from somewhere in what is now China. The Burmans, the Thais, the Shans and the Laos had all come to South-east Asia from what is today Chinese soil within five centuries of the arrival on the scene of the Portuguese. By that time there were certainly established at major South-east Asian centres Chinese, Indian and Middle Eastern communities of considerable economic importance if small in numbers.

The plural societies of South-east Asia were not a European creation; but the problems which they posed, as Guy Hunter shows in his brief but admirably lucid book, were much complicated by the operation of European colonial policy which encouraged or permitted an accelerated influx of Indians and Chinese. Except in Burma (Mr. Hunter excludes Ceylon from the scope of his survey) the Indians have been far less of a problem than the Chinese. In most South-east Asian countries there are today Chinese communities who control great wealth and who possess, or would like to possess, political power in no way commensurate with their numbers. Only in Malaysia do the Chinese in any way approach demographic parity with the dominant racial group; and only in Singapore are the Chinese in an absolute majority.

The problem of the Chinese in South-east Asia is often seen as one of assimilation. The Chinese, it is said, with their distinctive culture, language, diet and so on, remain separate generation after generation from the other peoples among whom they have settled. They have not been willing, in other words, to sever all ties of cultural and political loyalty to their Chinese homeland: hence they constitute in their new homes a potential disruptive force and security risk. Mr. Hunter, as indeed his subject demands, devotes considerable space to the Chinese problem. His conclusion is that the Chinese do in fact become assimilated in certain conditions. In Thailand, this process has gone on for a very long time. By their nature, however, the Chinese tend to assimilate upwards, to integrate themselves with the economically and politically more powerful groups. In Thailand, which never underwent anything like direct colonial rule, they have managed to some degree to do this. In other South-east Asian regions colonial government created a barrier which they could not penetrate. Thus in British Malaya colonial rule encouraged Chinese immigration and protected Chinese commercial activity; but it prevented Chinese integration with the ruling class, the British. At the same time colonial government provided no incentive for Chinese integration with other groups. A similar process went on in the Dutch possessions.

One of the merits of Mr. Hunter's study is that he shows clearly how the question of the ability or inability of the Chinese to be assimilated is but a small part of the problem. There are other divisions in South-east Asian society than those between Chinese and non-Chinese. There is a growing gap between town and country, between those with higher education and those without. Among the educated, competition is increasing for the better jobs in government and commerce. The uneducated and the rural people are becoming ever more important politically. Processes such as these serve only to complicate the racial problem. They tend to emphasize divisions other than those between the sophisticated immigrant races, Chinese and Indians, and the indigenous groups; they emphasize dissensions within the indigenous groups. Thus the economic progress of Thailand has served to accentuate the problem of the underdeveloped rural north-east which is largely populated by Laos and others who are, on ethnic grounds, already to some degree out of sympathy with the authorities in Bangkok. Problems of this kind have for almost two decades made turbulent the internal history of independent Burma; and parallels can be found in Indonesia and elsewhere as well. To the South-east Asian nation-builders problems of this kind are, in the long run, at least as serious as the problem of the Chinese; and their solution may, in fact, be made much more difficult by the implementation of policies designed to meet the requirements of the Chinese communities. The development of a national language, the improvement of the rural economy, such measures may well involve attacks on the strongholds of overseas Chinese culture (like the Chinese language schools) and wealth (like the Chinese position in the retail trade).

Mr. Hunter has provided an admirable introduction to an extremely complicated subject. He could, perhaps, have said more about that strange and fascinating country, Laos; and he might well have devoted greater space to the problems of the South-east Asian "aboriginals", peoples like the non-Islamic jungle tribes of the Malay Peninsula, the hill tribes of Thailand, Vietnam, Laos and the Philippines, and the Dyak groups of Borneo. These omissions, however, in no way affect the main themes and conclusions of Mr. Hunter's study.

Collins have published *Travel '67* by Nigel Buxton 1934pp., 30s.). Its pages, which change colour, three times, survey such topics as "Weather", "Coasts", "Wine", "Children", "Tipping" and "Far away Places", as well as dealing with the principal European countries individually. The approach is generally first-person-chatty, though the book is often informative on basic problems of transport and accommodation.

SINCE DIEN BIEN PHU

BERNARD B. FALL: *Viet-nam Witness, 1953-66.* 363pp. Pall Mall. £2 10s.

JEAN LACOUTURE: *Vietnam: Between Two Truces.* Translated by Peter Kellen and Joel Carmichael. 295pp. Secker and Warburg. 35s.

It is becoming difficult to find anything new to say about the war in Vietnam. The promise of a reasonable transition to independence in 1946, its betrayal by intransigence and pusillanimity, the slide to war and Vietminh victory, the American takeover, the repetition of the patterns of 1946-53 with no lessons learnt except the bad ones, have been fully documented by agonized American journalists in search of catharsis. If Jean Lacouture and Bernard Fall make any contribution at this stage it is because, in addition to painful years as close observers of the scene, they have studied it as academics and bring to it an historical depth which is often lacking elsewhere. M. Lacouture first went to Indo-China on the staff of General Leclerc in 1945 and is now teaching at Harvard. Bernard Fall spent the crucial year of 1953 in Vietnam doing research for his doctorate; he studied the Laotian dilemma at first hand while engaged in research under Sento in 1959 and is now Professor of International Relations at Howard University in the United States.

They have written very different books. Professor Fall gives a selection of his writings over the past thirteen years, to which he supplies a connecting thread of comment, an introduction and an epilogue. The anthology covers most aspects of the subject, including the ethnic and sociological ones which are vital to a proper understanding of recent events. It is a melancholy book; Professor Fall has been right so often, his judgments and predictions, from well before Dien Bien Phu to successive, clear-sighted assessments of the war since 1963, have so often been justified, that he can be forgiven a measure of exasperation. But to collect one's past writings is not necessarily to present the clearest account of one's views, nor the most succinct. Narcissism should be combined with greater brevity.

M. Lacouture adopts a more radical standpoint than that of Professor Fall, blaming the French and the Americans more, and more forthrightly. We are reminded that General Leclerc, almost alone among French soldiers and politicians at the time, was unquestionably right about the policy France should have followed in 1946. M. Lacouture also collaborated with Philippe Devillers in the most detailed account of the 1954 Geneva Conference that has yet appeared, *La Fin d'une guerre.* He still believes that there would have been no war if Leclerc's advice had been followed in 1946, and that the 1954 Geneva Settlement should have worked. He has no doubts at all about French responsibility for the first Vietnam war and about American responsibility for the successive blunders which led to the war in the South" and its private denominational colleges, Baptist Wake book reveals more than Methodist Trinity (which before about the disastrous who murdered and regional immense benefaction had just unilaterally brings out the elements in Duke University), were tional hostility between various and thriving institutions. south that underlies the backward, by northern standards, as tical impasse in the south. Gatewood makes plain, the state It suffers badly from dissensions far advanced by the standards adhere so closely to its French cadences that their attention Arkansas or Mississippi, sometimes insupportable lists was the citadel. Many a public, well-constructed Southern fundamentalist might have valid account of the Vietnamese Arnold:

lem, which no student of Asian affairs should ignore.

Dissimilar as is their approach difference between the two Lacouture and Professor Fall of degree. Both end with the heart of the problem in Vietnam, that the people at the end be allowed to settle their own quarrels, that what is done so there is a chance that country would not be cut and that in any case the North Vietnam is counterpoised. With all this most liberal observers would agree, but what real influence have the United States is more than the power of the Pacific Ocean. Interests have not changed, realistic to think that Hanoi will accept less than Nixon and Johnson.

MAN VERSUS MONKEY

ALLARD B. GATEWOOD, Jr.: *Preachers, Pedagogues and Politicians.* The Evolution Controversy in North Carolina, 1920-1927. 268pp University of North Carolina Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 8s.

There were special reasons why the controversy over Darwinism took so sophisticated a form in North Carolina. The two college presidents most under the, President Chase of the state university and President Poteat of Wake Forest, were both biologists by profession. Moreover, President Chase was a "foreigner", i.e. a New Englander and a Yankee Republican. Then, more than contemporary Connecticut, North Carolina was a "land of steady habits". The old time religion was sacred like so many things in the old time. The growing cities, Durham, Raleigh, Charlotte, were not as sophisticated as, in their own ways, were Charleston and Charlottesville. The most eminent Democrat, Josephus Daniels, Wilson's Secretary of the Navy, was as devoted to the Bible as to Prohibition and to Mr. Jefferson. It took him a long time to disentangle himself and come down against clerical dogmatism. More representative was Governor and future Senator Cameron Morrison, who was progressive about good roads but regressive, and not too scrupulous, in his defence of the old ecclesiastical order. And Governor Morrison was not only powerful; he was, in the Southern sense, an aristocrat. Had he not married into "the first family to cross the Yadkin on wheels"?

The North Carolina politicians said such politically minded officials as the heads of the state school system), were in a dilemma. Some were zealous defenders of the old time religion; some were anxious to win or keep office. And they knew that their state, like all of the South and most of rural America, was in crisis. The old order was changing. Prohibition had not cured all ills. But there were few homoeopathic politicians. *More* moral legislation, *more* use of the secular arm to promote a "moral America", to borrow a phrase from the Goldwater campaign of 1964, was needed. One believer in the power of law to legislate morality even produced a bill to outlaw petting, an experiment even nobler in purpose than prohibition and even less likely to be effective.

It is easy to make fun of the fears and hopes of rural America. Although they did not know it, the farmers' three episodes that most damaged the image of America the Golden Age in European eyes in the roaring twenties were the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, Prohibition and the Scopes Monkey trial at Dayton, Tennessee. An obscure high school teacher was, for a moment, famous; the name of Scopes was destined to go down in history with those of Galileo and other martyrs to reason. The name of Scopes is now largely forgotten; so is the Dayton trial; so, to some extent, are the speeches of Bryan and Darrow. But Gatewood has shown in this intelligent, well-balanced and highly entertaining book that this campaign in the wars of the Godly was not so unimportant. It may have had only dramatic value, but that is a real value. And he has shown that, in many ways, the struggle in North Carolina was more important than the struggle in Tennessee. For not many people, even in the South, really thought of taking a lead from Tennessee and a good many states in the South. The Confederacy *did* think of taking a lead from North Carolina.

The "Tarheel state" had emerged from the shadow in which it had long been, between "those two mountains called conceit", Virginia and South Carolina. It suffered less the *damna hereditas* of slavery and defeat than any other southern state. It had a point not stressed enough here: a respectable and numerous Republican party. Its state university, much more than Jefferson's University of Virginia, was the intellectual lighthouse of the whole region, the "Wisconsin idea" of the South. Its private denominational colleges, Baptist Wake Forest and Methodist Trinity (which now became Duke University), were immense benefaction had just enriched into Duke University), were national institutions, serious and thriving institutions. Gatewood makes plain, the state is far advanced by the standards of Texas or South Carolina, not to Arkansas or Mississippi. Many a Southern fundamentalist might have recognized Arnold:

"Then the forts of science fall,
And my body by the wall.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN HISTORY

ROBERT ALLEN SKOTHEIM: *American Intellectual Histories and Historians.* 326pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 16s.

Professor Skotheim's book is interesting, in some ways learned, in other ways useful, but deeply irritating. In spite of its title and in spite of the apologies made for the limitations of the book in the preface, this does not seem to be an adequate study of American intellectual history, whatever one may mean by that. It does not discuss historians on the strength of their intellectual power. It does not discuss at all adequately the historiography of American intellectual history, and it ignores a great deal of what most people would think is the American intellectual history. It has the same kinds of faults, though not quite the identical faults, as has Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought.* Historians who have written about historiography and who are certainly intellectual, e.g. Henry Adams, are ignored. Surely some of Adams's writings on historiography have some relevance to his famous if not much read *History of the United States*? Both Brooks and Charles Francis Adams II are passed over, although there is an allusion to Brooks.

More serious is the ignoring of parts of American historiography which surely deserve attention. For example, there are references to Van Wyck Brooks and to John Dos Passos which seem superfluous; but there is no allusion to Schneider on the history of American philosophy or to Dorfman on the history of American economic thought.

Other aspects of American historiography topics, one very important, the history of American law, are also ignored. Consciously or unconsciously, Dr. Skotheim seems to assume that intellectual history, however it is interpreted, means the discussion or the use of doctrines which have succeeded pragmatically. This is a defensible position, although it suffers from the difficulty that success is not only difficult to define but may also turn into failure. Some of the most pragmatic writers dealt with here have turned out to be irrelevant to the situation in their own lifetime. One fears that Dr. Skotheim would think that Vico's importance would more or less stand or fall by whether Montesquieu actually read the copy of *La Scienza Nuova* which he undoubtedly bought, and might think that the celebration of the merits of Mendel is unjustified since his great experiments were unknown in his own lifetime and would certainly have been rediscovered by people like Bateson. If this seems too unkind a summing-up of Dr. Skotheim's attitude, it is perhaps because he does not write systematically and clearly enough.

Nevertheless this book was worth writing and is worth reading. Even when he is dealing with an author now rightly almost totally unknown, like Vernon Louis Parrington, he has a good deal of interest to say. The vogue for Parrington is itself a part of American intellectual history and part of the history or the pathology of American historiography. And as Keynes pointed out, the ideas of obscure academics have influence long after their authors are dead and forgotten. One might doubt if this is true of Parrington, but it may be true of other writers dealt with here.

The rigidity of Dr. Skotheim's approach in his topic makes his learning and his sympathetic understanding less useful than they would otherwise have been. Some of his comparisons have an odd air today, e.g. the comparison of Parrington with Taine, and, in another way, the comparison of Beard with Buckle. Taine may have been a monster, but he was an impressive monster; Parrington no longer is. (It is perhaps characteristic that Dr. Skotheim looks for Taine's historical theories only in his *Histoire de la littérature anglaise* and not in his possibly more relevant *Origines de la France contemporaine*.) On the other hand, Beard, for all his faults, is still a living American writer and a living American critic of traditional wisdom in American historiography, in a way that Buckle is not in English historiography.

Dr. Skotheim is obviously an unreconstructed Progressive or "Liberal". This is a very reasonable attitude and is the attitude of most members of "the Guild". (One is glad to see that the pedantic "Gild" has been dropped.) Yet this attitude biases him and produces some odd judgments. The reader of this book could be forgiven if he assumed that Samuel Eliot Morison was a philosophistic historian of the school of Palfrey and a stout defender of 100 per cent Americanism. Anyone who knows anything of the Admiral's political career at Harvard and elsewhere and has read his writings with rather more sympathy than Dr. Skotheim has done will realize how false this is.

The same is true of the treatment of the late Perry Miller. His intellectual admiration for Jonathan Edwards and his appreciation of the dire situation of modern mankind was not simply a conservative reaction against modern American democratic life. In connexion with Perry Miller it might have been pointed out that he and his disciple, Father Walter Ong, S.J., had much more relevant things to say about the influence of Petrus Ramus than is suggested here. Perry Miller argued that New England Calvinism was never as orthodox as were Genevan or Scottish Calvinism and apart from the economic forces which Perry Miller stressed (even if as Dr. Skotheim suggests he did not stress enough), John Winthrop's idea of a "City upon a Hill" had proved to be Utopian by the time of his death. It would soon be true to say that "a man who has been born in Boston feels no need to be born again". But the insistence of Perry Miller and of other strict intellectual historians that it is worthwhile to discover what people believed, whether one accepts those beliefs or not, was a very welcome corrective to the highly tendentious pursuit of convenient "usable" truths by the liberal historians of the period up to 1939. And it might be said that even one of the most eminent of liberal historians, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., began his academic life by a careful study of a very doctrinaire character indeed, Orestes A. Brownson, a study which did not underestimate the importance of Brownson's conversion to a highly ideological system, that of the Church of Rome.

The most interesting of the liberal historians dealt with is Carl Becker, although many admirers of Carl Becker do not think that *The Heavenly City* is nearly so acute a study of the Enlightenment as are some recent works by Professor Gay. And American readers may be forgiven for assuming that Dr. Skotheim's favourite phrase, "climate of opinion", is of American origin and indeed may have been invented by Carl Becker.

Cambridge University Press have recently brought out a series of reissues of out-of-print standard works from the Cambridge catalogue. The texts are unrevised; apart from minor corrections these editions reproduce the last normal printing. In some cases, where possible or desirable, the author has provided a short prefatory note. Titles in the series include so far: *The Nonconformities of Europe* by H. M. Chadwick (30s.); *The Beginnings of Russian History* by Nora K. Chadwick (25s.); *The Unused Bible* by Margaret Deanesly (70s.); *The Martian Exiles* by Christina Garrett (55s.); *Experience and Its Modes* by Michael Oakeshott (55s.); *The Greeks in Bactria and India* by W. W. Tarn (70s.). *Anglo-Dutch Commerce and Finance in the Eighteenth Century* by C. H. Wilson (40s.).

TAKING SIDES IN SPAIN

LUIS BOLIN: *Spain: The Vital Years.* 397pp. Cassell. £2 10s.
DOLORES IBARRURI: *They Shall Not Pass.* 351pp. Lawrence and Wishart. £2 5s.

A soldier in the First World War, when asked by his commanding general where he started the war, is said to have replied: "I didn't start it, sir—I think the Kaiser did." Luis Bolin would have been in no such difficulty about the Spanish Civil War, because he did almost literally start it, by organizing the flight which brought General Franco from the Canary Islands to Morocco in July 1936. His opening chapters describing the ten dramatic days in which he made his personal contribution to history are by far the most interesting part of his long, rambling, argumentative account of the war. Before and after this great moment in his life, the rest of the record is chiefly autobiographical self-justification and nationalist propaganda. It is revealing, but hardly important.

It is revealing in the first place about himself. He is half-Spanish and half-British, and his prejudices are those of the upper classes of both countries, though the British component in them is distinctly dated. He is a devout Roman Catholic, a fanatical monarchist, a self-conscious officer-and-gentleman. He finds it perfectly respectable, to the point of needing no explanation or apology, to have acted as go-between in a gun-running operation (mounted from Claridge's, apparently) at against the elected government of his country; or to have served as Franco's emissary to secure Mussolini's support in men and materials. The simplicity of his perceptions, or rather the lack of them, is often enough to frustrate all comment. One example at a serious level is his blithe remark that "Franco had done his utmost to prevent civil war" before launching it. At a different level is his reference to "one of the finest wild-life refuges in the world . . . where I had shot duck three years before". Incongruity is one of his blind spots, of which there are many.

Clearly at this rate the Spanish Civil War is going to go on far a long time to come. To stoke it up on the other side, there comes simultaneously a very different but equally bigoted contribution, the autobiography of Dolores Ibarruri, known as "La Pasionaria" (the passion-flower). Her experience of life has been diametrically opposed at every point to that of Luis Bolin. Born in poverty, married to a miner, converted from devout Catholicism to fanatical Communism, equally convinced that justice lay wholly on her side, she played much the same role in Moscow that Luis Bolin played in Rome. Again it is impossible to take most of her propaganda seriously, but there are occasional episodes (notably when the Republicans were moving towards capitulation) on which she sheds new light. But in reading both books, the foreign reader is left with the puzzled feeling that if half of what either of them says is true, it seems inconceivable that any decent person should have been on the other side at all.

The comparison of myths is an exercise that can be applied with particularly interesting effect to these two books. On one celebrated myth they are not far apart: at least they do not directly contradict each other. This is the story that while Colonel Moscardó was defending the Alcazar for Franco, a Republican officer told him on the telephone that if he did not surrender his son would be shot; and then allowed his son to speak to him. He did not surrender, and his son was duly shot, though not until a month later. The story has been persistently asserted and denied. Luis Bolin, of course, is convinced that it is true, and produces evidence from former sceptics who now admit to having been convinced. La Pasionaria admits the story as a possibility, but claims that in any case, even if it were true, the Communists were not responsible: "Communists are revolutionaries, not criminals." The truth will presumably remain eternally different for each side. On other episodes, however, the two authors would certainly not agree to differ.

One is the murder of Calvo Sotelo, the leader of the right-wing opposition, which sparked off the rising in 1936. A few weeks before his murder, he had made his last speech in the Cortes. Spanish nationalists have always believed that the murder was instigated by left-wing opponents in retaliation for his flaming denunciation of the Republican government. La Pasionaria ignores extensively from her own speech on the same occasion to

rub it into the noses of the Liberal writers who for 24 years have been spreading the infamous lie that I instigated in parliament the assassination of Calvo Sotelo.

Luis Bolin, who is certainly one of those she refers to, does not quote her speech at all. But he does report that as Calvo Sotelo finished his own speech, La Pasionaria was on her feet, shouting: "You have uttered your last words here!" What becomes of the myth of a left wing conspiracy? The two writers leave us no nearer to the truth than before.

A similar ambiguous conclusion emerges about the myth of Guernica. From La Pasionaria we have the orthodox left-wing account of "the terrible destruction of Guernica on April 26, 1937, by rebel airplanes". Luis Bolin maintains, with a good deal of circumstantial evidence, that Guernica (although a legitimate target for bombing) was hardly damaged at all by air raids:

But the Republicans in Bilbao needed a sensational story to offset their reverses. They dispatched Asturian miners to dynamite Guernica and set fire to its buildings and swore that they had been blown to smithereens by German bombs.

Which is the true myth? It should be said that the left-wing myth convinced Professor Hugh Thomas, the best-known British historian of the war. The right-wing myth convinced the late Douglas Jerrold, whose study of the evidence appears the more searching of the two. But no reader who already has his convictions formed will find them modified by either of these two books.

The fact is, in other words, that neither author has the least pretension to being an objective historian. One wonders whether there is any longer possible for a Civil War, since it is now a chapter of history, like the Dutch in a bare hundred pages. With in which the myth has additional ballast of fourteen become stronger than the speeches, three introductions, and more the facts. Whatever odd letters to the editors of Guernica, for example, *Oxford Early*, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* and the *New York* that Picasso painted a special *Appeal* and the *New York* which bears his name; [illegible] the total volume of his oeuvre important fact is that poetical prose is no more than doubled. to continue for the [illegible] output, too, might never have to believe diametrically stated but for an increasingly urgent things about it, regardless of public responsibility and of the evidence. The polygamitment he displayed after winning the historian's point of view [illegible] the Nobel Prize for Literature proved capacity of the [illegible] 1950. The articles and public both sides to believe what addresses collected here all date from to believe makes it [illegible] final decade.

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SPEAKING WITH TWO VOICES

The Interpreter. Memoirs of Doktor Eugen Dollmann. Translated by J. Maxwell Brownjohn. 351pp. Hutchinson. £2 2s.
RICHARD BRETT-SMITH: *Berlin '45.* 176pp. Macmillan. 30s.

Dr. Dollmann tells us at one point that no one has yet written a treatise on the interpreter's art. Elsewhere he refers from time to time to Dr. Paul Schmidt, the German Foreign Office Interpreter of Nazi days, who has given us a volume of memoirs which at least had the merit that it shed some light on the content and the significance of the transactions at which he officiated. As a contribution in either of these directions, Dr. Dollmann's own book is well-nigh worthless. Between Hitler's accession to power and the Axis collapse in 1945 he attended many meetings between German and Italian politicians, policemen and generals. Explicitly renouncing the aim of recounting these proceedings in detail he concentrates on giving a personal impression of the atmosphere and the participants, but of these things we already possess evidence that is less slip-shod. When he discusses his own part in the proceedings he never puts the emphasis on what he did or could not do *qua* interpreter, but is mainly concerned to stress how interesting it was to be well connected and *persona grata* with both sides.

Except for some suggestion that he knew more than they liked about the foibles and private lives of his employers, he makes no attempt to explain why he was held in such high and wide esteem. His claims to have been an are offset, moreover, by equally frequent references to what he calls his "superficiality and irresponsibility". By this he usually means not what these English words imply, and what the whole tone of his book suggests, but only his lack of importance and effect; yet occasionally he goes beyond mere modesty and risks an appeal to frank cynicism and unashamed egotism. Thus he refers to "one of the few good deeds I have ever performed". Thus again he refuses to justify his decision to join the Nazi party and, later, the S.S.: these steps were taken simply to enable him to go on living in comfort in Italy.

Unable in view of this conflict of evidence to judge the importance of the Doktor's role, readers might be tempted to settle for his modest and epicurean *persona* and to take his book as being no more than the reminiscences of an opportunistic, well-connected hanger-on who got to Italy with useful letters of introduction in 1927 and somehow managed to stay there, away from Germany, out of the war, intent only on enjoying to the full the social whirl of Roman days and Naples nights, until the battle-line caught up with him and flushed him out. Unfortunately the book fails to carry conviction even at this low estimate of it. The author is much less than frank in explaining what occupied and sustained him in Italy between his bouts of interpreting. We are left to guess at this from what he here says about the British School at Rome—"its inmates cooperated with their justly renowned intelligence service"—and from what he has said in an earlier book of memoirs covering the period after 1945, when he became an agent for the O.S.S. And the anecdotal account of his social life which, in default of a full and factual statement of his activities, fills much of the book is so arch and artificial that we must repeat what was said in these columns ten years ago of that earlier volume—"it is dreadful that it should be expected to appeal to us".

The pronounced deviousness of Doktor Dollmann's book throws into relief the innocence of Mr. Brett-Smith's. Although it will tell newcomers much that, factually, they do not already know, this recapitulates scenes and recaptures moods that, more than twenty years ago, were rendered familiar to all through press, film and radio, and it does so with no individuality of vision. But if it lacks originality this is partly because the author has eschewed hindsight and subsequent experience in an attempt to reconstruct just what he learnt and thought as a member of the British occupation forces in Berlin between July, 1945, and March, 1946. He was twenty-two years of age; he had little previous knowledge of Germany and the Germans; and amid the greatest man-made chaos in history he operated from the familiar and ordered framework provided by the 11th Hussars. It is not to be expected that he should then have acquired any special insight into the conditions which he now sets out to describe. But in ignoring the considerable interval, and in trying to retell only what he saw and how he felt at the time, he has produced a book which is at least authentic and which in its better passages has the quality of immediacy.

VANITY OF VANITIES

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE: *The Thirties, 1930-1940.* 351pp. Collins. 36s.

Mr. Muggeridge's new introduction to *The Thirties* comes to the same conclusion as the final thoughts distilled from his recent collection of essays, *Tread Softly for you Tread on my Jokes.* All earthly aims are vanity, a blind groping in the dark; and nothing worth while is left to but attend to the "deserts of vast eternity" that stretch before and behind us. One may doubt whether it is through exasperation with the antics of man that true mystics are born. One may question whether Mr. Muggeridge will bring anything back from his spiritual safari: that, after all, is his affair more than ours. Perhaps we may hope to have his stimulating company a little longer before he actually sets out.

What the welcome reissue of this 1940 volume makes abundantly clear is how this sharply intelligent yet lonely and vulnerable writer was driven towards taking his veil. No subject could suit him better than a decade which was itself a kind of disastrous pageant portraying the vanity of human wishes. Ideally for his purpose, it began with Mr. Muggeridge's aspiring work on the staff of a great Liberal newspaper and ended with Private Muggeridge scribbling away in a barrack hut, confidently awaiting Armageddon. He was busy on the final pages of this book, and he was not (except, perhaps, by military standards) wasting his time. It is an acute and searingly funny survey with a Gibbonlike kick in the footnotes, and comes up again with great freshness. And although many of his barbs may have turned out to be wrong, Mr. Muggeridge's hindsight finds no cause to quarrel with the book's main assumptions. The verdict of his introduction is that "a condition of moral, intellectual and spiritual confusion has been created in which not only faith, but meaning itself, has disappeared".

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JEREMY BENNETT: *British Broadcasting and the Danish Resistance Movement 1940-1945.* 266pp. Cambridge University Press.

There is a good case for asserting that the B.B.C. European Service was the most successful propaganda organization of the war. Consequently this study of one of the sections of the European service is most welcome. It is to be hoped that it is only the first of many which will give the picture of the immense prestige acquired by the B.B.C. during the war and slowly dissipated since, until now it has almost entirely disappeared. Of course, the Danish service of the B.B.C. was one of the least important activities. It was not only that Denmark was a small country, but also Denmark was a very special case of an occupied country. It did not regard itself as being at war with Germany. It had no government in exile—not even a self-constituted government like General de Gaulle's movement. King Christian X remained in Copenhagen as a symbol of national pride, but his government collaborated with the Germans until in 1943 the Germans took over the country which was beginning to turn against them.

The Germans intended to make of Denmark a model occupied country and for two years or so they nearly succeeded. The Danes had not resisted the German invasion, and their dislike of the Germans, manifested in their "cold shoulder" movement, was not a very dangerous or impressive resistance movement. The Danes had before them the fate of Norway, as the French had before them the fate of Poland. The German policy of *osterin dum metuant* paid off in Denmark. This complicated the work of the B.B.C. Criticism, even implied criticism, of the Danish attitude was deeply resented in Denmark. On the other hand, to accept the "include me out" role of Denmark was both a bad example for the rest of occupied Europe and a way of helping the Germans. The story of the evolution of B.B.C. policy and of its place in the general policy of political warfare is excellently told by Mr. Bennett.

He, of course, suffers from some limitations imposed by the secrecy of the government. Some questions, he ironically points out, can be answered only in 1992 under the present restrictions. Thus he is unable to decide whether a change in the policy towards Denmark, for which Mr. Noel Newsome was formally responsible, was not imposed on him by the authorities. A dubious spokesman, above, S.O.E. was anxious however: "we cannot choose freedom to run an effective underground mark, to prepare at my sabotage, but higher policy preferred, at first, to rely Danish officers "underground League of Princes", which a very combative organization reserved its role for later liberation came); and the revive a faded reputation? One seen, as was the role of the army, as preventing a Nazi takeover. The parallel between France and Denmark, The King was immensely criticism, but Stauning of Pételn, and Scavenius of Laval. It became the "the League" was of as Allied war effort, an effective paign of sabotage which might have been important if the war had come Jutland. As it was, the [illegible] some credit for their own when the Third Reich collapsed had their martyrs; and the attempt to neutralize finally failed.

A great deal is revealed general organization of broadcasting, of which the cessful practitioner was the journalist Mr. Sefton Delmer, many of the most useful the European service—and Danish service—were and selection) and the best of the Danish service, is to a distinguished academic C. E. Stevens, that we of Beethoven for the V academics played an important like Professor Brinley, Professor Lindley Fraser, not a mere lecturer, as Some points might have clearer. Mr. Thomas charge of political warfare ern Europe, was of partly origin and was bilingual. minor errors might be "Chatham House" press moved into Balliol the war broke out. Chatham House is the lengthy note here. pointed out that, and Horsholt Hansen's account and achievements of unions during the war markably exaggerated

HE MADE THE BOOKS AND HE DIED

WILLIAM FAULKNER: *Essays, Speeches and Public Letters.* Edited by James B. Meriwether. 233pp. Chatto and Windus. 25s.
MALCOLM COWLEY: *The Faulkner-Cowley File.* Letters and Memories, 1944-1962. 184pp. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

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dom established on a hierarchy of degrees of freedom", he told them, "on a caste system of equality like military rank". While defending them against the hurried and aggressive wish-fulfilment of "the outland people" (in the north and northwest), he continually impressed on fellow whites at home the need for complete unfettered educational equality between the races.

Most memorable perhaps are the essays on his youth in Mississippi, on his New Orleans days with Sherwood Anderson, and the brief glimpses of Japan. But it is for Faulkner's vision of the South, expounded again and again in articles, speeches and open letters, that this volume will remain valuable. Individually each piece, as it appeared on a certain date in *Harper's* or *Holiday*, *Life* or *Ebony*, may have been open to misunderstanding and criticism. Taken together, out of time, they complete and supplement one another.

For Faulkner wrote above the daily skirmishes of integration on beach or bus, in school or university; and when the battle is on, that is not easily forgiven. But if his vision was of ultimate values, it was never detached; the words gush out in anguish. Faulkner's South was the old South. Caroline Barr, his "mammy" and his grandfather's and father's before him—to whom *Go Down, Moses* is dedicated, and whose funeral sermon he himself was to deliver, had been born a household slave: "free these many years", he wrote, "but who had declined to leave". Such patriarchal relationships of affection, mutual welfare and trust he understood. He loved Mississippi, recording her history as an extension of his own family and personal biography; a completion in ever-widening circles of time and space—west to Old Man River, north to Memphis, south to the Delta (hunting country)—of his inmost self. He loved his state, despite the lynchings, the narrow folkways, the ever louder "ringing of a cash register bell"—"loving all of it even while he had to hate some of it because . . . you love despite; not for the virtues, but despite the faults".

The popular image (partly his own creation) of "a people decadent and even obsolete through inbreeding and illiteracy . . . a kind of species of juvenile delinquents with a folklore of blood and violence" he rejected as "baseless and illusory as that one generation ago of . . . columned porticoes and magnolias". But if evil there was, he equally rejected "the forces outside the South which would use legal or police compulsion to eradicate that evil overnight". If he was against "compulsory segregation", he was also against "compulsory integration". The South he believed, drawing his moral from the Civil War, would go to any length before accepting "alteration of its racial condition by mere force of law or economic threat".

All this was anathema to the northern liberal. To Southerners his preaching complete racial equality before the constitution, morality and God, must have been equally anathema. "To live anywhere in the world today", he argued, "and be against equality because of race or colour, is like living in Alaska and being against snow." And "why", he asked mockingly, "do we have so low an opinion of our blood and traditions as to fear that, as soon as the Negro enters our house by the front door, he will propose marriage to our daughter and she will immediately accept him?"

To Negroes, speaking as one of themselves, he recommended "cleanliness and decency and courtesy and dignity", a quiet perseverance, the use of patience as an active weapon, above all, an "inflexible unflagging flexibility which in the end will make the white man himself sick and tired of fighting it". In fact, he recommended precisely that brand of "Uncle Tomism" which was already being rejected by many of the younger Negroes. To hear of the responsibilities of equality from a Southerner—of "self restraint, honesty, dependability, purity"—might well seem laughable to readers of *Ebony*. To be told "to act not even as well as just any white man, but to act as well as the best of white men" might rightly seem a programme for saints.

Certainly it was preposterous for a Negro to be told that "he must learn to cease forever more thinking like a Negro and acting like a Negro". Not only preposterous—incredible from the creator of a Dilsey or old Sam Fathers or even the Christmas. But at heart Faulkner had learnt a lesson his fellow-countrymen are still slow to learn:

It is possible that the white race and the Negro race can never really like and trust each other: this, by the reason that the white man can never really know the Negro, because the white man has forced the Negro to be always a Negro rather than another human being in their dealings, and therefore the Negro cannot afford, does not dare, to be open with the white man and let the white man know what he, the Negro, thinks. But I do know that we in the South, having grown up with and lived among Negroes for generations, are capable in individual cases of liking and trusting individual Negroes, which the North can never do because the northerner only fears him.

That, essentially, was his platform.

Undoubtedly these pieces reveal him standing to the right of the political spectrum—a conservative railing against welfare and relief ("nationally sponsored cash prizes for illegitimacy and ineptitude"! and the ruthless power of the machine. But unhesitatingly also one so passionately involved, who could find himself at odds with all parties, whether liberal, conservative or Negro, must have had something of sleep and abiding value to teach all of them. Faulkner in darkest Mississippi early saw the irony "that the one remaining place on earth where the white man can live and have his uncorrupted blood protected and defended by law, is in Africa". Over ten years ago he realized the deepest truth in the present suicidal conflict that "our nonwhite minority is already on our side; we dont need to sell the Negro on America and freedom because he is already sold".

Such were the lessons Faulkner intoned with the "incurable and indomitable optimism" of his nineteenth-century heroes, standing up boldly for both Southern and Negro rights (as he saw them) in ringing, exhorting tones of uplift still familiar in the small townships of the Bible Belt. It is the same tone in which he sounded the roll-call of an honourable past and summoned younger writers today "to save mankind from being desouled as the stallion or bmar or bull is gelded: to save the individual from anonymity before it is too late and humanity has vanished from the animal called man". What too often is lacking is a hint of that hard-earned simplicity which he had so much admired in Sherwood Anderson—and a sense of humour. "One trouble with us American artists", he wrote in 1926, "is that we take our art and ourselves too seriously." He had forgotten that advice when it came to politics thirty years later.

But Malcolm Cowley's file of correspondence amply restores the good humour. Whatever "No Trespass" signs Faulkner posted around his life, this discreetly edited volume hardly invades his inner privacy, while making a true introduction to the author as man.

Malcolm Cowley first took up Faulkner in 1944, at a time when, with seventeen books published but none effectively in print (the New York Public Library had cards for only two), Faulkner was dredging in "the salt mines" of Hollywood. Cowley decided to trumpet his cause: he wrote a long essay; he edited the *Portable Faulkner*, presenting a cycle of Yoknapatapwpha tales. Literary contact blossomed to mutual respect and friendship. In 1948 critic and novelist finally met: Faulkner staying with the Cowleys, in their home in Sherman, Connecticut. (There is pleasant evidence of this visit to New England in the collected essays.) This climax reached, final scenes show Faulkner, a Nobel Prizeman now, and Cowley as president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters—members both of the literary establishment—collaborating to honour John Dos Passos in 1957 with the Gold Medal for Fiction, Faulkner's own receipt of the award in 1962, and his death six weeks later.

Faulkner, Hemingway, Cowley—all were of the same generation, born within a few years before the turn of the century. Each shared a love for an older, rural America which knew nothing of freeways and supermarkets. In a closing chapter Cowley astutely compares his two great contemporaries:

Both were hunters by devoted association. Both loved the wilderness. . . Both returned in their work to many of the same themes: for example, the primitive mind, the mystical union of hunter and hunted, the obsession of wounded men, and the praise of alcohol. There were even trivial resemblances, as in the British style of dress and the British officer's World War I mustache that Hemingway wore in his early years and Faulkner all his life.

The differences lay in their attitude to their craft.

Here Faulkner's letters and conversation are revealing: "Wolfe took the most chances", he told Cowley, "although he didn't always know what he was doing. I come next and then Dos Passos. Hemingway doesn't take chances enough." For facts he had little time. "I don't care much for facts", he wrote in his best folksy manner, "am not much interested in them, you cant stand a fact up, you've got to prop it up, and when you move to one side a little and look at it from that angle, it's not thick enough to cast a shadow in that direction." His first novel, *Soldiers' Pay*, was deliberately set in Georgia where he had never been. Much of his later work was laid in a county which only he himself could inspect and visit. In an age of increasing documentation, of tape-recorders and non-fiction fictions, it is for his triumphant faith in the reckless throw of the imagination that Faulkner deserves to be remembered. "I listen to the voices", he told Cowley, "and when I put down what the voices say, it's right. Sometimes I don't like what they say, but I don't change it."

He realized that much of what the voices said might seem to others in bad taste. "I am not always conscious of bad taste myself", he admitted. He himself defined his craft "studbook style: "by Southern Rhetoric out of Solitude". But his ambition had always been "to put everything into one sentence—not only the present but the whole past on which it depends and which keeps overtaking the present, second by second".

In this, as Cowley suggests, his genius was epic. Faulkner's novels live in the memory not so much as isolated, disparate fragments, but as parts of a vast, unfolding saga, that one prodigious, ever twisting and turning sentence, embracing everything, past, present and future: the work not of this Mississippi farmer but that house-painter, bootlegger, clock-hand, pilot, boilermaker, but of anonymous hard, as he had hoped—who made the books and who died.

TALES OF THEIR TIMES

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER: *Spiel im Morgengrauen und andere Erzählungen.* Auswahl und Vorwort von Hans Weigel. 435pp. Zurich: Diogenes Verlag. DM.15.80.

Noel Newsome was formally responsible, was not imposed on him by the authorities. A dubious spokesman, above, S.O.E. was anxious however: "we cannot choose freedom to run an effective underground mark, to prepare at my sabotage, but higher policy preferred, at first, to rely Danish officers "underground League of Princes", which a very combative organization reserved its role for later liberation came); and the revive a faded reputation? One seen, as was the role of the army, as preventing a Nazi takeover. The parallel between France and Denmark, The King was immensely criticism, but Stauning of Pételn, and Scavenius of Laval. It became the "the League" was of as the Allied war effort, an effective paign of sabotage which might have been important if the war had come Jutland. As it was, the [illegible] some credit for their own when the Third Reich collapsed had their martyrs; and the attempt to neutralize finally failed.

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TAKING SIDES IN SPAIN

LUIS BOLIN: *Spain: The Vital Years.* 397pp. Cassell. £2 10s.
DOLORES IBARRURI: *They Shall Not Pass.* 351pp. Lawrence and Wishart. £2 5s.

A soldier in the First World War, when asked by his commanding general where he started the war, is said to have replied: "I didn't start it, sir—I think the Kaiser did." Luis Bolin would have been in no such difficulty about the Spanish Civil War, because he did almost literally start it, by organizing the flight which brought General Franco from the Canary Islands to Morocco in July 1936. His opening chapters describing the tiny dramatic days in which he made his personal contribution to history are by far the most interesting part of his long, rambling, argumentative account of the war. Before and after this great moment in his life, the rest of the record is chiefly autobiographical self-justification and nationalist propaganda. It is revealing, but hardly important.

It is revealing in the first place about himself. He is half-Spanish and half-British, and his prejudices are those of the upper classes of both countries, though the British component in them is distinctly dated. He is a devout Roman Catholic, a fanatical monarchist, a self-conscious officer-and-gentleman. He finds it perfectly respectable, to the point of needing no explanation or apology, to have acted as go-between in a gun-running operation financed from Claridge's, apparently against the elected government of his country; or to have served as Franco's emissary to secure Mussolini's support in men and materials. The simplicity of his perceptions, or rather the lack of them, is often enough to frustrate all comment. One example at a serious level is his blithe remark that "Franco had done his utmost to prevent civil war" before launching it. At a different level is his reference to "one of the finest wild-life refuges in the world . . . where I had shot duck three years before". Incongruity is one of his blind spots, of which there are many.

Clearly at this rate the Spanish Civil War is going to go on for a long time to come. To stoke it up on the other side, there comes simultaneously a very different but equally bigoted contribution, the autobiography of Dolores Ibarruri, known as "La Pasionaria" (the passion-flower). Her experience of life has been diametrically opposed at every point to that of Luis Bolin. Born in poverty, married to a miner, converted from devout Catholicism to fanatical Communism, equally convinced that justice lay wholly on her side, she played much the same role in Moscow that Luis Bolin played in Rome. Again it is impossible to take most of her propaganda seriously, but there are occasional episodes (notably when the Republicans were moving towards capitulation) on which she sheds new light. But in reading both books, the foreign reader is left with the puzzled feeling that if half of what either of them says is true, it seems inconceivable that any decent person should have been on the other side at all.

The comparison of myths is an exercise that can be applied with particularly interesting effect to these two books. On one celebrated myth they are not far apart: at least they do not directly contradict each other. This is the story that while Colonel Moscardó was defending the Alcázar for Franco, a Republican officer told him on the telephone that if he did not surrender his son would be shot; and then allowed his son to speak to him. He did not surrender, and his son was duly shot, though not until a month later. The story has been persistently asserted and denied. Luis Bolin, of course, is convinced that it is true, and produces evidence from former sceptics who now admit to having been convinced. La Pasionaria admits the story as a possibility, but claims that in any case, even if it were true, the Communists were not responsible: "Communists are revolutionaries, not criminals." The truth will presumably remain eternally different for each side. On other episodes, however, the two authors would certainly not agree to differ.

One is the murder of Calvo Sotelo, the leader of the right-wing opposition, which sparked off the rising in 1936. A few weeks before his murder, he had made his last speech in the Cortes. Spanish nationalists have always believed that the murder was instigated by left-wing opponents in retaliation for his flaming denunciation of the Republican government. La Pasionaria quotes extensively from her own speech on the same occasion to

rub it into the noses of the tranquil writers who for 24 years have been spreading the infamous lie that I insulted in parliament the assassination of Calvo Sotelo.

Luis Bolin, who is certainly one of those she refers to, does not quote her speech at all. But he does report that as Calvo Sotelo finished his own speech, La Pasionaria was on her feet, shouting: "You have uttered your last words here!" What becomes of the myth of a left-wing conspiracy? The two writers leave us no nearer to the truth than before.

A similar ambiguous conclusion emerges about the myth of Guernica. From La Pasionaria we have the orthodox left-wing account of "the terrible destruction of Guernica on April 26, 1937, by rebel airplanes". Luis Bolin maintains, with a good deal of circumstantial evidence, that Guernica (although a legitimate target for bombing) was hardly damaged at all by air raids: But the Republicans in Bilbao needed a sensational story to offset their reverses. They dispatched Asturian miners to dynamite Guernica and set fire to its buildings and swore that they had been blown to smithereens by German bombs. Which is the true myth? It should be said that the left-wing myth convinced Professor Hugh Thomas, the best-known British historian of the war. The right-wing myth convinced the late Douglas Jerrold, whose study of the evidence appears the more searching of the two. But no reader who already has his convictions formed will find them modified by either of these two books.

The fact is, in other words, that neither author has the least pretension to being an objective historian.

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JEREMY BENNETT: *British Broadcasting and the Danish Resistance Movement 1940-1945.* 266pp. Cambridge University Press.

There is a good case for asserting that the B.B.C. European Service was the most successful propaganda organization of the war. Consequently this study of one of the sections of the European service is most welcome. It is to be hoped that it is only the first of many which will give the picture of the immense prestige acquired by the B.B.C. during the war and slowly dissipated since, until now it has almost entirely disappeared. Of course, the Danish service of the B.B.C. was one of the least important activities. It was not only that Denmark was a small country, but also Denmark was a very special case of an occupied country. It did not regard itself as being at war with Germany. It had no government in exile—not even a self-constituted government like General de Gaulle's movement. King Christian X remained in Copenhagen as a symbol of national pride, but his government collaborated with the Germans until in 1943 the Germans took over the country which was beginning to turn against them.

The Germans intended to make of Denmark a model occupied country and for two years or so they nearly succeeded. The Danes had not resisted the German invasion, and their dislike of the Germans, manifested in their "cold shoulder" movement, was not a very dangerous or impressive resistance movement. The Danes had before them the fate of Norway, as the French had before them the fate of Poland. The German policy of *oderint dum metuant* paid off in Denmark. This complicated the work of the B.B.C. Criticism, even implied criticism, of the Danish attitude was deeply resented in Denmark. On the other hand, to accept the "include me out" role of Denmark was both a bad example for the rest of occupied Europe and a way of helping the Germans. The story of the evolution of B.B.C. policy and of its place in the general policy of political warfare is excellently told by Mr. Bennett.

He, of course, suffers from some limitations imposed by the secrecy of the government. Some questions, be ironically points out, can be answered only in 1992 under the present restrictions. Thus he is unable to decide whether a change in the policy towards Denmark, for which Mr. Noel Newsome was formally responsible, was not imposed on him from above. S.O.E. was anxious, however: "we cannot choose free-lance mark, to prepare at any rate sabotage, but higher politics preferred, at first, to rely on Danish officers "underground League of Princes", which was a very combative organization reserved its role for liberation. Liberation came; and that was seen, as was the role of the army, as preventing a Communist takeover. The parallel between France and Denmark was The King was iconic criticism, but Stauning was of Pétain, and Scavenius of Laval. It became evident "the League" was of no use Allied war effort, an effective campaign of sabotage was which might have been even important if the war had stayed Jutland. As it was, the Danes some credit for their own liberation when the Third Reich collapsed had their martyrs; and the Germans attempt to neutralize the finally failed.

A great deal is revealed about general organization of broadcasts to Europe and even about broadcasting, of which the most successful practitioner was that journalist Mr. Sefton Delmer. many of the most useful operators the European service—and Daoish service—were academics. is to a distinguished ancient history C. E. Stevens, that we owe the of Beelboven for the V signal. academics played an important like Professor Brinley Thomas, Professor Lindley Fraser (who not a mere lecturer, as stated Some points might have been clearer. Mr. Thomas Barman charge of political warfare in extent, therefore, La Pasionaria gives a more persuasive even if unconsciously, the Bulin.

ILLIAM FAULKNER: *Essays, Speeches and Public Letters.* Edited by James B. Meriwether. 233pp. Chatto and Windus. 25s.
ALCOLM COWLEY: *The Faulkner-Cowley File.* Letters and Memoires, 1944-1962. 184pp. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

The wonders whether there is any longer possible for a Civil War, since it is one of history, like the Dispatch to a bare hundred pages. With in which the myths have become stronger than the facts. Whatever Guernica, for example, the *Oxford Eagle*, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* and the *New York* which bears its name; and the total volume of his most important fact is that people to continue for the indefinite to believe diametrically opposed but for an increasingly urgent things about it, regardless of the case of public responsibility and of the evidence. The prize commitment he displayed after winning the historian's point of view, the Nobel Prize for Literature proved capacity of the past 1950. The articles and public both sides to believe what addresses collected here all date from to believe makes it a final decade.

To judge with certainty which Till then Faulkner had never evidence is reliable on other served from his one preoccupation for which they may be the action and goal: the creating hand witnesses. Oxford, Hollywood, Belmin. Even Hollywood.

There are a number of here he had worked on and off as a examples in both books: scriptwriter for Warner Brothers, had tions between General Franco been able to undermine a reticence Luis Bolin, discussions with accounting almost to anonymity. leadership of the Spanish Communist Throughout his life he warded Party and the Republican off the journalists who plagued him ment, and episodes which articles as much as the sightseers who sought the husk of his the background of the humdrum daily existence (in Mississippi) while man and Russian intervention was winnowing its high, aesthetic perhaps one point only can gain in a county of the mind (whose bined testimony of the tragic creator, explorer, historian, carbe accepted with confidence being only hypothetical is called Yoknapatawpha. "I will procalled more than a probability to the last", he wrote to Malcolm is that if the military leaders Cowley, "no photography, no rebelled against the Republic recorded documents. It is my ambiernment when they did, upon to be, as a private individual, munists would have overthrown polished and voided from history, instead. To La Pasionaria having it markless, no refuse save Republican ministers of the printed books." Like a latterday just as much the enemy as Elizabethan, another Shakespeare, The bitter divisions on the he wanted this single sentence for the political spectrum account epitaph—and whole obituary: "He defeat of the Republic better made the hooks and he died." nationalists' military skill. But that was in 1939. In 1950 he extent, therefore, La Pasionaria travelled to Stockholm. In 1955 he gives a more persuasive was in Japan. He visited Europe, even if unconsciously, the North Africa, the Middle East. In 1956 he gave a celebrated interview to Jean Stein for the *Paris Review*. In 1957, partly to be near his daughter, he even joined a campus as Writer in Residence at the University of Virginia. In the years leading to Little Rock and after, then, he grew not only into a public figure but also a natural spokesman for his fellow Southerners. A dubious spokesman, indeed: "we cannot choose free-

SPEAKING WITH TWO VOICES

The Interpreter. Memoirs of Doktor Eugen Dollmann. Translated by J. Maxwell Brownjohn. 351pp. Hutchinson. £2 2s.
RICHARD BRETT-SMITH: *Berlin '45.* 176pp. Macmillan. 30s.

Dr. Dollmann tells us at one point that no one has yet written a treatise on the interpreter's art. Elsewhere he refers from time to time to Dr. Paul Schmidt, the German Foreign Office interpreter of Nazi days, who has given us a volume of memoirs which at least had the merit that it shed some light on the content and the significance of the transactions at which he officiated. As a contribution in either of these directions, Dr. Dollmann's own book is well-nigh worthless. Between Hitler's accession to power and the Axis collapse in 1945 he attended many meetings between German and Italian politicians, policemen and generals. Explicitly renouncing the aim of recounting these proceedings in detail he concentrates on giving a personal impression of the atmosphere and the participants, but of these things we already possess evidence that is less slip-shod. When he discusses his own part in the proceedings he never puts the emphasis on what he did or could not do *qua* interpreter, but is mainly concerned to stress how interesting it was to be well connected and *persona grata* with both sides.

Except for some suggestion that he knew more than they liked about the foibles and private lives of his employers, he makes no attempt to explain why he was held in such high and wide esteem. His claims to have been so are offset, moreover, by equally frequent references to what he calls his "superficiality and irresponsibility". By this he usually means not what these English words imply, and what the whole tone of his book suggests, but only his lack of importance and effect; yet occasionally, he goes beyond mere modesty and risks an appeal to frank cynicism and unashamed egotism. Thus he refers to "one of the few good deeds I have ever performed". Thus again he refuses to justify his decision to join the Nazi party and, later, the S.S.: these steps were taken simply to enable him to go on living in comfort in Italy.

Unable in view of this conflict of evidence to judge the importance of the Doktor's role, readers might be tempted to settle for his modest and epicurean *persona* and to take his book as being no more than the reminiscences of an opportunistic, well-connected hanger-on who got to Italy with useful letters of introduction in 1927 and somehow managed to stay there, away from Germany, out of the war, intent only on enjoying to the full the social whirl of Roman days and Naples nights, until the battle-line caught up with him and flushed him out. Unfortunately the book fails to carry conviction even at this low estimate of it. The author is much less than frank in explaining what occupied and sustained him in Italy between his bouts of interpreting. We are left to guess at this from what he here says about the British School at Rome—"its inmates cooperated with their justly renowned intelligence service"—and from what he has said in an earlier book of memoirs covering the period after 1945, when he became an agent for the O.S.S. And the anecdotal account of his social life which, in default of a full and factual statement of his activities, fills much of the book is so arch and artificial that we must repeat what was said in these columns ten years ago of that earlier volume—"it is dreadful that it should be expected to appeal to us".

The pronounced deviousness of Doktor Dollmann's book throws into relief the innocence of Mr. Brett-Smith's. Although it will tell newcomers much that, factually, they do not already know, this recapitulates scenes and recaptures moods that, more than twenty years ago, were rendered familiar to all through press, film and radio, and it does so with no individuality of vision. But if it lacks originality this is partly because the author has eschewed hindsight and subsequent experience in an attempt to reconstruct just what he learnt and thought as a member of the British occupation forces in Berlin between July, 1945, and March, 1946. He was twenty-two years of age; he had little previous knowledge of Germany and the Germans; and amid the greatest man-made chaos in history he operated from the familiar and ordered framework provided by the 11th Hussars. It is not to be expected that he should then have acquired any special insight into the conditions which he now sets out to describe. But in ignoring the considerable interval, and in trying to retell only what he saw and how he felt at the time, he has produced a book which is at least authentic and which in its better passages has the quality of immediacy.

VANITY OF VANITIES

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE: *The Thirties, 1930-1940.* 351pp. Collins. 36s.

Mr. Muggeridge's new introduction to *The Thirties* comes to the same conclusion as the final thoughts distilled from his recent collection of essays, *Tread Softly for you Tread on my Jokes.* All earthly aims are vanity, a blind groping in the dark; and nothing worth while is left to do but attend to the "deserts of vast eternity" that stretch before and behind us. One may doubt whether it is through exasperation with the antics of man that true mystics are born. One may question whether Mr. Muggeridge will bring anything back from his spiritual safari: that, after all, is his affair more than ours. Perhaps we may hope to have his stimulating company a little longer before he actually sets out.

What the welcome reissue of this 1940 volume makes abundantly clear is how this sharply intelligent yet lonely and vulnerable writer was driven towards taking his veil. No subject could suit him better than a decade which was itself a kind of disastrous pageant portraying the vanity of human wishes. Ideally for his purpose, it began with Mr. Muggeridge's aspiring work on the staff of a great Liberal newspaper and ended with Private Muggeridge scribbling away in a barrack hut, confidently awaiting Armageddon. He was busy on the final pages of this book; and he was not (except, perhaps, by military standards) wasting his time. It is an acute and searingly funny survey with a Gibbon-like kick in the footnotes, and comes up again with great freshness. And although many of his bunches may have turned out to be wrong, Mr. Muggeridge's hindsight finds no cause to quarrel with the book's main assumptions. The verdict of his introduction is that "a condition of moral, intellectual and spiritual confusion has been created in which not only faith, but meaning itself, has disappeared"

HE MADE THE BOOKS AND HE DIED

creation) of "a people decadent and even obsolete through inbreeding and illiteracy . . . a kind of species of juvenile delinquents with a folklore of blood and violence" he rejected as "baseless and illusory as that tale a generation ago of . . . columned porticoes and magnolias", that if evil there was, he equally rejected "the forces outside the South which would use legal or police compulsion to eradicate that evil overnight". If he was against "compulsory segregation", he was also against "compulsory integration". The South he believed, drawing his moral from the Civil War, would go to any length before accepting "alteration of its racial condition by mere force of law or economic threat".

All this was anathema to the northern liberal. To Southerners his preaching complete racial equality before the constitution, morality and God, must have been equally anathema. "To live anywhere in the world today", he argued, "and be against equality because of race or colour, is like living in Alaska and being against snow." And "why", he asked mockingly, "do we have so low an opinion of our blood and traditions as to fear that, as soon as the Negro enters our house by the front door, he will propose marriage to our daughter and she will immediately accept him?"

To Negroes, speaking as one of themselves, he recommended "cleanliness and decency and courtesy and dignity", a quiet perseverance, the use of patience as an active weapon, above all, an "inflexible unflagging flexibility which in the end will make the white man himself sick and tired of fighting it". In fact, he recommended precisely that brand of "Uncle Tomism" which was already being rejected by many of the younger Negroes. "In bear of the responsibilities of equality from a Southerner—of self restraint, honesty, dependability, purity"—might well seem laughable to readers of *Ebony*. To be told "to act not even as well as just any white man, but to act as well as the best of white men" might rightly seem a programme for saints.

Certainly it was preposterous for a Negro to be told that "he must learn to cease forever more thinking like a Negro, and acting like a Negro". Not only preposterous—incredible from the creator of a Dilsey or old Sam Fathers or even Joe Christmas. But at heart Faulkner had learnt a lesson his fellow countrymen are still slow to learn:

It is possible that the white race and the Negro race can never really like and trust each other: this for the reason that the white man can never really know the Negro, because the white man has forced the Negro to be always a Negro rather than another human being in their dealings, and therefore the Negro cannot afford, does not dare, to be open with the white man and let the white man know what he, the Negro, thinks. But I do know that we in the South, having grown up with and lived among Negroes for generations, are capable in individual cases of liking and trusting individual Negroes, which the North can never do because the northerner only fears him.

That, essentially, was his platform.

Undoubtedly these pieces reveal him standing to the right of the political spectrum—a conservative railing against welfare and relief ("nationally sponsored cash prizes for idleness and ineptitude") and the ruthless power of the machine. But unbottledly also one so passionately involved, who could find himself at odds with all parties, whether liberal, conservative or Negro, must have had something of deep and abiding value to teach all of them. Faulkner in darkest Mississippi early saw the irony "that the one remaining place on earth where the white man can flee and have his uncorrupted blood protected and defended by law, is in Africa". Over ten years ago he realized the deepest truth in the present suicidal conflict that "our nonwhite minority is already on our side; we dont need to sell the Negro our America and freedom because he is already sold".

Such were the lessons Faulkner intoned with the "incurable and indomitable optimism" of his nineteenth-century heroes, standing up boldly for both Southern and Negro rights (as he saw them) in ringing, exhorting tones of uplift still familiar in the small townships of the Bible Belt. It is the same tone in which he sounded the roll-call of an honourable past and summoned younger writers today "to save mankind from being desoiled as the stallion or boar or bull is gelded; to save the individual from anonymity before it is too late and humanity has vanished from the animal called man". What too often is lacking is a hint of that hard-earned simplicity which he had so much admired in Sherwood Anderson—and a sense of humour. "One trouble with us American artists", he wrote in 1926, "is that we take our art and ourselves too seriously." He had forgotten that advice when it came to politics thirty years later.

But Malcolm Cowley's file of correspondence amply restores the good humour. Whatever "No Trespass" signs Faulkner posted around his life, this discreetly edited volume hardly invades his inner privacy, while making a true introduction to the author as man.

Malcolm Cowley first took up Faulkner in 1944, at a time when, with seventeen books published but none effectively in print (the New York Public Library had cards for only two), Faulkner was drudging in "the salt mines" of Hollywood. Cowley decided to trumpet his cause: he wrote a long essay; he edited the *Portable Faulkner*, presenting a cycle of Yoknapatawpha tales. Literary contact blossomed to mutual respect and friendship. By 1948 critic and novelist finally met—Faulkner staying with the Cowleys in their home in Sherman, Connecticut. (There is pleasant evidence of this visit to New England in the collected essays.) This climax reached, final scenes show Faulkner, a Nobel Prizeman now, and Cowley as president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters—together both of the literary establishment—collaborating to honour John Dos Passos in 1957 with the Gold Medal for Fiction, Faulkner's own receipt of the award in 1962, and his death six weeks later.

Faulkner, Hemingway, Cowley—all were of the same generation, born within a few years before the turn of the century. Each shared a love for an older, rural America which knew nothing of freeways and supermarkets. In a closing chapter Cowley astutely compares his two great contemporaries:

Both were hunters by devoted avocation. Both faced the wilderness. . . Both returned in their work to many of the same themes: for example, the primitive mind, the mystical union of hunter and hunted, the obsession of wounded men, and the praise of alcohol. There were even trivial resemblances, as in the British style of dress and the British officer's World War I mustache that Hemingway wore in his early years and Faulkner all his life.

The differences lay in their attitude to their craft.

Here Faulkner's letters and conversation are revealing: "Wolfe took the most chances", he told Cowley, "although he didn't always know what he was doing. I come next and then Dos Passos. Hemingway doesn't take chances enough." For facts he had little time. "I don't care much for facts", he wrote in his best folksy manner, "am not much interested in them, you eart stand a fact up, you've got to prop it up, and when you move to one side a little and look at it from that angle, it's not thick enough to cast a shadow in that direction." His first novel, *Soldiers' Pay*, was deliberately set in Georgia where he had never been. Much of his later work was laid in a county which only he himself could inspect and visit. In an age of increasing documentation, of tape-recorders and non-fiction fictions, it is for his triumphant faith in the reckless throw of the imagination that Faulkner deserves to be remembered. "I listen to the voices", he told Cowley, "and when I put down what the voices say, it's right. Sometimes I don't like what they say, but I don't change it."

He realized that much of what the voices said might seem to others in bad taste. "I am not always conscious of bad taste myself", he admitted. He himself defined his craft "studbook style: 'by Southern Rhetoric out of Solitude'." But his ambition had always been "to put everything into one sentence—not only the present but the whole past on which it depends and which keeps overtaking the present, second by second".

In this, as Cowley suggests, his genius was epic. Faulkner's novels live in the memory not as much as isolated, disparate fragments, but as parts of a vast, unfolding saga, that one prodigious, ever twisting and turning sentence, embracing everything, past, present and future: the work not of this Mississippi farmer but that hunter-painter, bootlegger, deck-hand, pilot (barnstormer) but of an anonymous hard, as he had hoped—who made the books and who died.

TALES OF THEIR TIMES

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER: *Spiel im Morgengrauen und andere Erzählungen.* Welgel. 435pp. Zurich: Diogenes Verlag. DM.15.80.
Auswahl und Vorwort von Hans

How—when the time comes—to revive a faded reputation? One method, certainly, is Herr Weigel's in the introduction to this attractive little selection of nine stories by Schnitzler: that of claiming that he was misunderstood by his own age because he was ahead of it; only others can see him at his true worth. The revival of interest in Schnitzler provoked by his centenary in 1962 has certainly showed that he was a writer of quality whose reputation had been allowed to sink unjustly low; one may wonder, however, whether to call him a prophet unhonoured whose hour has now struck not, without intending it, to damn with faint praise.

In what, after all, was he a pioneer? In the theatre he may be said to have perfected, if he did not actually invent, the interlinked playlet form represented by such acknowledged successes as *Anatol* and *Reigen*. In prose he was an early practitioner of the interior monologue, used with telling effect in the novel *Leutnant Gustl* (included in the present selection) and *Fräulein Else*. Such facts earn him a pat on the back from the literary historian, but are of little help in an assessment of his qualities as a writer. Schnitzler is also credited—and justly—with an acute sense of the fragibility of his own work—what was condemned as unwholesome in his work—and still is among the imperceptive—was no more than his objective record of the first cracks and groans preceding the human avalanche of 1914. That Schnitzler's Vienna was the testing-ground for most of our current modes of artistic expression is a truism; that Schnitzler himself was a pioneer of such modes in any more than a very minor way, as Herr Weigel's Introduction and his choice of *Spiel im Morgengrauen* as a title story suggest, may be doubted. Nor is Schnitzler's status as a writer in any way diminished thereby: to ask whether his innovations constitute his ultimate importance is simply to ask the wrong question. It is the degree of necessity linking his vision to his use of a particular form which will be the measure of his value.

His limitations are admitted. He uses a narrow social spectrum, a restricted range of themes and emotions: love, despair, the duel, anti-semitism, the ethics of the *affaire*, the brittleness of human relationships, the half-world between dream and waking to which nothing is quite real—the vision is partial and thus, in purely historical terms, unreliable. But as an aspect of human experience such things have their own validity, and it is the use he made of them which must abide our question: to this consideration even such intrinsically interesting inquiries as the tension between his work as doctor and as creative artist are secondary.

A rereading of *Leutnant Gustl* confirms his quality. Here they all are: the penniless lieutenants with time on their hands and women on their minds, denied marriage for lack of the *Kaution*, bound, although Catholics, by a fierce code which would not tolerate in the *Offizierskorps* a man unwilling to defend his honour by duelling at the drop of a fan; the women of good family or none, all of a truly mid-twentieth-century availability; the moral sordiness beneath the punctilious social forms. That such a world should be projected within the compass of a novella, consisting ostensibly of thoughts chasing through the head of one foolish young *Leutnant* in a tour de force, triumphantly overcoming the basic improbabilities of the *Aside*, *La Nuit venue*, *Plume*, *L'Espace du dedans*, *Alleatu* and *Passages*) is by the author himself, aided by Christoph Schwerin. The presentation is excellent. The price, boxed, is 40 DM.

S. Fischer Verlag of Frankfurt has published a 544-page volume of Henri Michaux's works, with the French original and a German translation by Paul Celan and Kurt Leonhardt on facing pages. The selection (from *Qui je fus*, *Ecuador*, *Un barbare en Asie*, *La Nuit venue*, *Plume*, *L'Espace du dedans*, *Alleatu* and *Passages*) is by the author himself, aided by Christoph Schwerin. The presentation is excellent. The price, boxed, is 40 DM.

NUMBERS AND VERSES

THE CONNEXION between mathematics and poetry may not be obvious to our modern world, in which many people would probably regard them as extreme representatives of each of Lord Snow's two cultures. The romantic idea of the poet as a prophet rather than a conscious, rational and deliberate craftsman is still with us. We are not easily fooled when eminent mathematicians declare that higher mathematics is an art rather than a science, and that what they pursue is beauty rather than truth. The day is past when philosophical theories could be presented in verse form, and we do not, as Milton and Dryden did, use "numbers" as a synonym of "verses".

But though we must reject the idea that in some "deep" sense mathematics "is" poetry and the other way round, perhaps we can establish another kind of connexion between the two. Mathematics is often said to be the language of science. Some would even maintain that only those branches of inquiry are worthy of being called scientific whose fundamental concepts are capable of being handled mathematically. As *science* and *scientific* are positively loaded words in our society, mathematical methods spread everywhere—not only in astronomy, physics and chemistry, but also in biology, psychology and sociology, not to speak of philosophy, essential parts of which are nowadays indistinguishable from mathematics. We should therefore not be surprised to find mathematics being used to describe and analyse poetry.

A recent publication from Munich, *Mathematik und Dichtung*, allows us to see what has so far been achieved in this respect. It is probably no coincidence that out of the twenty-one contributors to the volume only four are literary scholars by profession, while the sister field of language and linguistics contributes seven names. Of the rest, four are mainly mathematicians, while the remaining six have received professional training in philosophy, psychology and sociology. The traditional departments of literature in the universities of the world have not yet become obsessed by the mathematical devil; it is perhaps also symptomatic that the editors of the book—one a literary man, the other a mathematician—are both professors of an institute of technology, the Technische Hoehschule at Stuttgart.

It can be said at once that the present volume does not by any means establish a complete mathematical theory of poetry. The chief editor himself expressly denies any such claims: mathematical methods may be used, he says, to supplement traditional, interpretative literary research methods, not to supplant them. Sometimes the reader may legitimately wonder whether even the supplementing is really worth while. A flavour of the fantastic "mathematical" exegesis of the Apocalypse (a genre which even Newton tried his hand at) certainly appears in some of the contributions here. For instance, counting syllables and words, or distances between recurrent sounds, or sequences of symbols, does not appear very fruitful, unless the results of these operations can be firmly filled into a more general theory. But in all too many cases the writers seem to become fascinated by the mere fact that it is at all possible to describe features of style numerically and thus to reduce different texts to a common denominator. Really that ought not to be so surprising. After all, any form can be described mathematically. The difficulty is to *correlate*, in a strict manner, the formal description with the semantic aspect of language, including its aesthetic effects.

The first to make a determined effort to lay the foundations of a mathematical aesthetic theory with at least a minimum of empirical testability was the American mathematician G. Birkhoff. Among other things, he tried to express the "aesthetic value" of an object by means of a simple formula into which two basic variables enter: *order* and *complexity*. The observer, or listener, or reader, says Birkhoff, is likely to prefer those objects where the amount of order is high and the amount of complexity low.

In order to obtain values for the basic variables, order and complexity have to be expressed in measurable terms. In the case of poetry Birkhoff measured the complexity simply in terms of the length of the poem, and order in terms of such things as rhyme, full vowels, assonances and alliteration, making deductions for excess values.

It is not difficult to criticize such a crude measure as this. In the first place, it leaves the semantic import of the poem altogether out of account: a nonsense rhyme easily attains higher values than Goethe's "Ueber allen Gipfeln". Secondly, it considers only a few of the formal properties: neither rhythm, nor stress nor syntax is taken into account. Thirdly, people's appreciation of rhyme and, *in* fact, *of any* other property, differs from period to period, from genre to genre. It may even change in the individual as the very effect of reading a poem. The work of art itself changes our way of reacting to it.

Yet, however deficient Birkhoff's formula may be as an actual instrument for measuring aesthetic effects, it has the advantage of being empirically testable, and also adjustable in the light of empirical findings. That is also well brought out in Rul Gunzenhäuser's discussion, in which he suggests that one improvement of Birkhoff's idea would be to express "complexity" and "order" in terms of "amount of information" and "amount of subjective redundance". But this wedding of Shannon's information theory to Birkhoff's mathematical aesthetics does not remove the fundamental problem, which will now be to choose relevant measures of information and redundance. We need both theoretical clarification and plenty of empirical testing before we can say that we have even the beginnings of a mathematical aesthetic theory, let alone a mathematical theory of literature. The contribution of another member of the Stuttgart team, Max Bense, is rather disappointing in this respect: we get vague and wordy generalities instead of concrete applications and clarified concepts. The reader who goes on to Dr. Bense's recently published *Aesthetica*, where the same article is reprinted as a chapter, will be equally disappointed.

The lack of a firm theoretical framework makes itself felt throughout *Mathematik und Dichtung*. Too many contributors just hit upon some formal feature or features of a poem—be it sounds, syllables, words, word-classes or immediate constituents—and then start counting their frequencies, recurrences or combinations. In this way they certainly succeed in establishing some sort of objective measure of "style". But unfortunately each measure implies a different measure of style, and the relation of the measures to each other and to the vague common-sense idea of style remains obscure.

There is no question about the usefulness of objective, numerical measures for solving problems of disputed authorship and the like. That problem, however, is outside the scope of the German volume. Instead, it is given much attention in a recently published book from America, *The Computer and Literary Style*, edited by Jacob Leed. For the purposes of identification our aim must be to find a characteristic, or set of characteristics, that is maximally variable between authors and maximally constant within the same author. It is not at all necessary for these characteristics to be aesthetically relevant. Fingerprints are excellent identifiers, but tell us next to nothing about the man. No doubt the efforts to find good identifiers will also increase our knowledge of the structure of the literary work of art in general. Louis Milic's article on Swift's style is promising in this respect. But it is only when the objective findings have been fitted into a general theory, or been strictly connected with psychological data, that we can begin to take them seriously as contributions to our understanding of poetry.

What is unsatisfactory about too many articles in the German volume is that the writers do not clearly indicate for what purpose their own particular measure of poetical style can be used, and that they tend all too hastily to assume that it enters as a significant factor to influence our aesthetic appreciation of poetry. Norbert Ulrich establishes, for instance, that ordinary *a* and nasal *n* are distributed in symmetrical fashion in Baudelaire's sonnets but the relevance of this fact for our appreciation of those sonnets is doubtful, to say the least.

The number of facts that can be stated about a poem, even about the form of a poem, is strictly infinite: the job of the researcher is to find out which of those facts are relevant to the problem he is trying to solve. A theory may help to indicate them; in the absence of a theory the researcher has to find out by trial and error what facts are relevant. A mathematical formulation of the experimental set-up is certainly an advantage, but it is no substitute for the theory, nor for the empirical tests.

The best contributions in *The Computer and Literary Style* are those which contain neither counts nor measurements, neither calculations nor graphs. They are all concerned with the problem of defining poetry in a way that shows up, above all, the difference between political language and ordinary language. Roman Jacobson, writing with his usual verve, and in magisterial possession of a vast fund of learned illustration, insists that the essence of poetry is to be found in the grammatical structure of its language, rather than in the metaphors so intensely studied in the 1930s and after. Similar ideas are elaborated by three other writers, Samual R. Levin of the City University of New York, Manfred Bierwisch of the German Academy of Sciences in East Berlin and Klaus Baumgärtner at the Free University of West Berlin. All of them attempt to describe poetical language by means of the apparatus provided by Noam Chomsky's theory of transformational grammar.

One of the differences between poetry and prose is, says Levin, that the language of poetry is more "surprising". It has been suggested that this element of surprise might be expressed statistically, in terms of the transition probabilities in word or word-class sequences. Levin maintains, however (like Chomsky), that the element of surprise is caused not by deviations from the statistical norm, but by an abnormal grammatical structure, and quotes lines such as Ezra Pound's "Shines in the mind of heaven God" and Dylan Thomas's "There could I marvel my birthday away". Statistically, the transition probability for the sequence "heaven God" is perhaps not particularly low. What is remarkable about the sentence is its inversion of the normal English word-order, just as Dylan Thomas's sentence is remarkable by its construction of "marvel" as a transitive verb. These deviations affect the grammatical structure of the language at different "levels" (in Chomsky's sense).

The "poeticalness" of a text naturally does not depend only, or even chiefly, on grammatical deviations. Even perfectly normal syntactical constructions can have marked poetical effects. Klaus Baumgärtner therefore holds that we have not explored the contribution of grammar to poetry until we have a complete formal description of its language. He lays weight on the complexity of the structure measured in terms of the number of transformations, including deviating ones, that are necessary to produce the text in question. Following Roman Jacobson, he also attaches great importance to the poetical value of structural parallelism, which can also be strictly explicated in terms of transformational grammar.

By far the weightiest and best contribution is *Mathematik und Dichtung* is the fifteen-page article "Poetics and Linguistics" by Monfred Bierwisch. It is acute and to the point, but also broadly conceived and rich in suggestions for further research. Readers unfamiliar with the way of writing of the transformational school of linguists must perhaps be warned not to lose patience with the abrupt and seemingly dogmatic way in which the ideas are sometimes presented—that is the consequence of adopting a much-used apparatus. The discussion is only theoretical: the many qualifications are also taken for the course.

The chief object of a theory of poetry, in Dr. Bierwisch's view, is to construct a grammar capable not only of describing structures actually occurring in poetical texts, but also of deciding which of two structures is the more poetical. Stated as baldly as this, the idea appears fantastic, not to say ridiculous: how could *grammar* decide whether "out, out, brief candle" is more poetical than "out, out, candle" or "out, out short light"?

There is not just one poetical grammar, but several, even for the same language. Not only has there been different grammar for different periods, but even the individual may change his rules as he reads Shakespeare's blank verse represents a deviation from the grammar of ordinary prose, but the deviation itself "regular"—and its rules their turn can be, and are, broken for poetical effects. The grammar of poetry may therefore consist of several layers, ordered as a hierarchy, at the bottom of which is the grammar of ordinary language.

By adopting the (potentially) tremely powerful formal model of Noam Chomsky's generative transformational grammar, the whole of this structure can be formulated clearly and consistently, and with a much-needed tool for further search into such things as the relation between poetry and music and other fine arts. Further, a semantic theory now being developed for transformational grammar clearly limited to formal meaning may also get a clearer view of the relation between poetry and culture, history, or the history of ideas. Dr. Bierwisch is rather sceptical about the use of linguistic models to explain poetical effects: simple methods make sense, he says, only when a firm theoretical basis has been laid. His own contribution is a few shadows what such a theory might look like. But we have a long way to go before we have it.

HELMUT KREUZER and RUL GUNZENHÄUSER (Editors): *Mathematik und Dichtung*. Versuche zur Frage einer exakten Literaturwissenschaft. 351pp. Munich: Nymphenburger Verlagshandlung. DM. 17.80.

MAX BENSE: *Aesthetica*. Einführung in die neue Aesthetik. 348pp. Baden-Baden: Agis. DM. 43.

JACOB LEED (Editor): *The Computer and Literary Style*. Introductory Essays and Studies. 179pp. Kent, Ohio: Kent State University Press. $3.50.

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MACBIRD

The anticipated fuss about Rolf Hochhuth's projected play *The Soldiers* will be the sort of fuss that inevitably surrounds the desecration of lovely monuments. Opponents of the play are likely to challenge not the truth of its assumptions about Churchill but the tastefulness of parading these assumptions on a public stage. There are, of course, books galore about our uncompassionate bombing of Germany; the play is said to have been inspired by the bombing of Dresden, but there's a world of difference between Churchill vilified in print and Churchill suddenly open to re-*proving impersonation* by any *actor* who happens to shove two pillows under neath a siren suit and chew on a cigar. Thou shalt not construct effigies unless you seriously want them burned or worshipped, and Churchill is already worshipped to a non-flammable degree. He has been our national totem so long, the leading player in our best-loved documentary drama, that the chances of presenting him on stage in an even faintly more vulnerable role than the one posterity has granted him look fairly thin.

All the same, if the theatre is to deal at all effectively in public matters, the last thing it can afford is piety—however tactical. The problem is not so much to get the theatre into the market-place as to get the public out of it. There is always the chance that if people no longer flock to the theatre to collect their myths, they may well slink there to have them humanized afresh. In the case of Churchill—and *pace* his mystique of fortitude—this may be more than Britain can take. But we shall see. That is to say, we hope that we shall see.

While we are nerving ourselves to cope with Hochhuth, America is already striking attitudes to *MacBird*, a short pastiche of *Macbeth* composed by a Berkeley new leftist, Barbara Garson. It opened this week in Greenwich Village. (The full text appears in the current *City Lights Journal*, or can be got for one dollar from—where else?—the Grassy Knoll Press, P.O. Box 2273, Grand Central Station, New York.) The east-list reveals Miss Garson's general aim: MacBird is identifiably President Johnson, Duncan is identifiably John Kennedy; minor characters include Robert Kennedy as MacDuff or—since he is John's brother—Robert Ken-O'-Dunc. There is also the Earl of Warren, Lord MacNamara, and Lord Stevenson, the Egg of Head. MacBird is presented not just as the murderer of Duncan, but also as obscurely responsible for Teddy Kennedy's plane crash and Adlai Stevenson's stroke; a gun-toting Texas hoodlum, mad with power, he is finally brought low by Robert Ken-O'-Dunc. The witches a Negro, a beatnik and an old leftist had predicted that no human adversary would defeat him, but Robert Ken-O'-Dunc is superhuman; instead of a heart, he has "precision apparatus of steel and plastic tubing", inserted at birth by an ambitious father. All this is appropriately assertive and grotesque, but it is significant that the play's central act—the murder of John Ken-O'-Dunc—is the vaguest thing in it. There are hints and innuendoes. MacBird is shown to anticipate Ken-O'-Dunc's downfall, to profit from it, and to take pains to stifle speculation about who was responsible for it. Lady MacBird has her damned spot and no amount of Africk can get rid of the nasty smell she smells; the murder itself is shown as a conspiracy in which the Texas police, at any rate, were deeply implicated. But Miss Garson can never quite bring herself to make the accusation she so painstakingly hints towards, and this tends to give the whole play an insufferably coy outrageousness: she has no scruples about presenting MacBird as a lunatic murderer, but plenty about saying who he's murdered.

Aside from this central fuzziness, and taken simply as burlesque of Shakespeare, *MacBird* is pure stuff. Done in very crudely imitated Elizabethan blank verse and full of Pox Americana kind of wisecracks, it rarely gets beyond the level of passable end-of-term pranking. The bits it borrows from other Shakespeare plays are notably the most familiar bits of all: thus we have the Earl of Warren lamenting: "O whine and pout, that ever I was born to bury doubt", and Egg of Head soliloquizing on his liberal indecisiveness as follows:

To see or not to see: that is the question.
Whether 'tis wiser as a statesman to
ignore
The gross deception of outrageous liars,
Or to speak out against a reign of evil
And by so doing, end there for all time
The chance and hope to work within
for change.

The prevailing tone alternates between giggling cynicism and whipped-up rancour with breaks here and there for gilded, inert rhetoric or basic belly laughter.

What *is* remarkable about *MacBird* is the reception it has received from eminent American pundits. What kind of intellectual climate is it in which a trifling pantomime of this kind can get described by Robert Brustein as "one of the brutally provocative works in the American theater, as well as one of the most grimly amusing", by Eric Bentley as a warning against the American way of life, by Dwight Macdonald as "the funniest, toughest-minded and most ingenious political satire I've read in years"? Robert Lowell, America's finest poet and most ubiquitous blurb-writer, has also commented: "I have nothing to say about the political truth of this play, but I am sure a kind of genius has gone into the writing". And here, it seems, is the crux of the matter: tickled by the scandalousness of what the play seems to be saying, wishing to take up a radical position on it and yet avoid total assent, the more self-consciously fiery critics have taken utterly unconvincing refuge in praise of the play's "literary merit": they are counsels for the defence where, if the play really is saying anything true or important, they ought surely to be prosecuting like mad.

As Lionel Abel points out in an intelligent piece in the current *Partisan Review*, Dwight Macdonald gives the most staggering performance of the lot, with his piece in the *New York Review of Books* (December 1). More equivocal than Miss Garson herself, he announces that if *MacBird* is really saying that Johnson murdered Kennedy, it "would not be worth reading, let alone reviewing". Miss Garson, he goes on, is so funny a writer that she could not possibly believe such a crazy thing. No, the truth is that "having picked *Macbeth* as the Shakespeare play that best lent itself to topical satire, she was stuck with the plot line . . . and Macbeth's murder of Duncan could not have been omitted without its becoming another play". And that, in case we are still wondering, is why Miss Garson is so vague about attaching the blame. The objections to this are, of course, dizzyingly numerous. The question remains, though, why is Mr. Macdonald so anxious to pull the wool over his own eyes? The shock of non-conformism, perhaps, the eagerness to seize the radical moment without getting hurt, the hurried assembling of a literary-critical mask to disguise the broad, delinquent grin beneath. These are all possible excuses—since Mr. Macdonald makes out no case at all for the play's supposed humour and ingenuity—but they are hardly sufficient to account for either his or Miss Garson's determination to neutralize the rebellionsness they are so anxious to be praised for. The one person who will not be worried by *MacBird* is President Johnson; after all, he knows he is innocent of the crime he has not been accused of; while the intellectuals double-think themselves into a coma, he can get on with shifting Birnam Wood to Dunsinane.

Letters to the Editor

THE PASTOR FOUNDATION

Sir,—Communication is a difficult and bewildering business. In two very brief letters (January 5 and 19) I questioned Professor Hugh Lloyd-Jones's assessment of the "barbarism" which threatens us and his correspondingly hyperbolic claims for the efficacy of classical scholarship as a "'continuing commando action' on behalf of civilized values". In view of the Spanish government's well-publicized interference in university affairs (which the other correspondents who have entered the discussion have now also condemned), I wished what the Pastor Foundation and the senior classical professors had done to defend Professor Garcia Calvo when he was dismissed from the University of Madrid last year.

Professor Lloyd-Jones replies that I am bullying him because my "academic and political point of view" requires me to deny him the right to praise Spanish classical scholarship (and Professor Adrados adds that I will allow this right to no one). Professor Adrados also protests that I seek to pin a guilt label on him and suggest he should leave his Madrid post (in which he is echoed by Professor Italiano). Professor Bertalé writes all the way from Alberta against my hysterical efforts to turn reputedly honourable men into villains and even, it seems, to call for armed uprising.

I am unable to discover where all these remarkable demands lurk hidden in my eight-plus column-inches. It seems not to have occurred to any of the correspondents that the most common purpose of an interrogative sentence is to seek information the writer does not himself possess. Before I wrote my first letter I searched the rather extensive reports in the national press on the unhappy situation at the University of Madrid and found no answer. Professor Adrados's letter implies that I would not have found it in the Spanish press either. At least, therefore, my hysterical bullying has elicited information not previously available in this country, except perhaps to a small number of men of whom I was not one. Classical scholars will not be alone in responding with appreciation and respect to the facts given by Professors Adrados and Galiano.

M. I. FINLEY.
Jesus College, Cambridge.

MALCOLM LOWRY

Sir,—While there is a rediscovery of Malcolm Lowry going on in the country it might be pertinent to point out that nearly ten years ago his *Under the Volcano* was required reading for a course on modern English and American literature at the University of Brussels. Copies of the Vintage paperback edition had to be obtained from the States as nothing of his was in print here.

NICHOLAS PEMBERTON.
Bowes & Bones, 1 Trinity Street, Cambridge.

STATE AID FOR THE ARTS

Sir,—I wonder whether the Arts Council's patronage would not be more properly spent, and to greater effect, by subsidizing the publication of literature that happens to be hopelessly uncommercial; too difficult, too unfashionable, too special or with an insufficiently obvious potential of future promise to find a publisher.

Selection of suitable candidates by the Arts Council Literature Panel, I dare say, presents no very difficult problem. The chosen manuscripts, carrying an option on the author's next work, should be sent out by the Arts Council for tender to a mixed group of large and small publishers, asking them to quote what they would charge to publish the manuscripts in the normal manner among the rest of their list. The publishers should be chosen, each time, with some regard to the affinities of the character of their lists and of the work itself.

If the work had any merit, and some of the publishers might tend to take it on trust since the manuscript, so to speak, would carry the imprimatur of the Arts Council Literature Panel, publication probably could be obtained for a subsidized cost of as little as a half or a third of its manufacturing costs as a book. The publisher would calculate on recovering the remainder of the manufacturing cost and some sort of (reduced under these special circumstances) contribution in his overhead by the sales of the book itself; and, apart from virtue being its own reward, a publisher would be well satisfied if this flutter on the author's future, secured by his option, came off and his enterprise eventually added another worthwhile author to his list.

Whether these books' reception might be improved or spoilt by an indication of the Arts Council Literature Panel's role in their publication is a matter of conjecture; if the former, then the books could appear under the joint imprints of the Arts Council and the publisher concerned in each title. Even a modest portion of their literary budget could be made to stretch wonderfully in this way and I suspect that the greatest service one can render an author is to help his work see the light of day.

ANTHONY GOLDWIN.
Home Cottage, Bignor, Sussex.

BLACK AND WHITE

Sir, So your reviewer (January 26) of my book *Race and Integration* (Routledge Publishing Company) thinks that I should be hung, drawn and quartered under the terms of the Race Relations Act for publishing it?

Presumably he must also think that the editors of *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Listener* and many other national and provincial papers who have equally sinned by publishing the same material should stand with me on the scaffold.

And also to be persecuted for the same offence would be many of the world's leading scientists who unequivocally affirm that the human races are differentiated genetically and that such inherent differences, ineradicable by any cultural means, can be evaluated in a social and national context, which is all I contend and which, contrary to your reviewer, I think should be public knowledge.

In the hope that it might help your reviewer to free his mind from medieval obscurantism and bigotry may I respectfully suggest that he could study with advantage the implications of the latest authoritative views on racial matters. The report of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (Racial Symposium) for the session just ended (December 30).

H. R. ISHERWOOD.
18 Dales Drive, Raceourse Heath, Ringwood, Hants.

"? On reviewer writes: 'The title of Mr. Isherwood's book *Racial Integration* is perhaps intentionally misleading. What he in fact contends is that the white race is inherently and immutably superior to the coloured races of mankind and must therefore be kept separate from them for fear of contamination. The implications of such a belief in terms of policy can be imagined and it is this which raises the question of the Race Relations Act. Such a belief can only lead to rigid apartheid and discriminatory race laws of every kind. The readiness with which Mr. Isherwood's mind turns to lunging, drawing and quartering when his beliefs are challenged is in itself interesting.

FINE KNACKS

Sir,—If Mr. Carter (February 2) had himself queried the price to be charged for this indifferent book, why did he make a personal attack on me for raising the same question after publication?

I do not despise shopkeepers, but I do despise any man whose idea of answering my considered criticisms is to tell me to kick myself.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that a high portion of a small edition would be ordered by people spending other people's money, i.e., librarians. I am a ratepayer.

There is now a suggestion that if mere men in the street, such as I, are to be allowed to criticize books and challenge prices, what is the civilized world coming to? It is high time that we did. And not only from the street, but from the housetops. My log-rolling was done in World War I. With real timber.

There is still no answer to my criticisms, but they are obviously hitting where it hurts. So all is yet but blood and bludgeons.

JOHN R. HETHERINGTON.
26 Vernon Road, Birmingham, 16.

THE PORNBROKERS

Sir,—Your reviewer of Steven Marcus's *The Other Victorians* (January 19) mentions the colloquial sexual meaning of "to spend" and the notions underlying it. It may be interesting to note that the Victorian era was, in this respect, the heir of other, more robust ages. Eric Partridge lists the specific meaning of the verb, which is by the way, not recorded in the *O.E.D.*, in his glossary *Shakespeare's Bawdy*. It also occurs in stage directions, and with reference to both sexes! in a somewhat indecent Restoration play, *Sodom, or The Quintessence of Debauchery* (1684?), usually ascribed to Rochester.

DIETRICH ROLLE.
44 Münster (Westfalen), Wilhelmstr. 41.

LAUGHTER ON THE LEFT

Sir,—An interesting point raised neither by Mr. Michael Hurley in his *Left-Handed Book* nor by your reviewer (December 29) is the sinistral (or dextrous) make-up of English daily papers; notably, the new front page of *The Times*. This seems usual, but not invariable, in the French press, so that it would not appear to have the same origin as the rule of the road. Does the human eye in fact move first to the top left-hand corner, at least when reading languages written from left to right?

FRANK JELLINEK.
74 Habere-Poche, France (Haute-Savoie).

(*Other letters are on page 112*)

FROM IMAGIST EXCURSIONS TO THE AGE OF OVERKILL

YVOR WINTERS: *Early Poems 1920-1928*. 148pp. Deaver: Alan Swallow. $3.75. RICHMOND LATTIMORE: *The Stride of Time*. 83pp. University of Michigan Press. London: Oxford Press. 28s. THEODORE HOLMES: *An Upland Pasture*. 69pp. Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press. $4.00. FREDERIC WILL: *Phaneris*. 71pp. New Hampshire: Golden Quill Press. $3.00. LOUIS COXE: *Nikal Seyn and Decoration Day*. 89pp. Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press. $4.00. JAMES WHITEHEAD: *Domains*. 55pp. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. $3.50.

Yvor Winters does not offer his early verse as a significant adjunct to the Muses' diadem. True, he regards it as "very good of its kind, quite as good as any of the 'experimental' work of this century", but we know from his *Primitivism and Decadence* that he holds a pretty low opinion of the entire experimental movement. When the *Collected Poems* appeared in 1963, there seemed to be a fair amount of early work, but it now emerges that Mr. Winters included only twenty-one of the 132 early poems now on show. So we are not admonished to find masterpieces here. We are to read the early poems, presumably, because we are interested in the poet who went from these to other things. The verses are preliminary notes, then, essays in a prosody which Mr. Winters was soon to discard. As paragraphs in the history of modern American *vers libre*, they call for some attention, but very few of them hold their account beyond that limited setting. Indeed, one's reaction to the first poems is that there must have been remarkably durable stuff in the poet who survived them and went on to write "John Sutter", "To the Holy Spirit", and "Sir Gawain". The poems in *The Immobile Wind* (1921) and *The Magpie's Shadow* (1922) exhibit the usual broken phrases, breathless syntax, the usual air of speaking as if they were afraid of being heard. In *The Bare Hills* (1927) one begins to hear, in single authoritative lines, the voice of the intransigent poet who was to write *Before Disaster* (1934). And then in "Quod Tegit Omnia", halfway through the present book, the poet of certitude has arrived; the manner "laurel, archaic, rude", the syntax magisterial. The mind is now "certain of its choice of passion but uncertain of the passion's end".

But this is to anticipate. Most of the early poems are five-finger exercises. There are clues here to Mr. Winters's development, but nothing as significant as a certain remarkable short story which is the key to his whole work, in poetry and criticism. The story is printed in an anthology of psychological fiction called *Anchor in the Sea*, edited and published by Alan Swallow. The relation between the story and the early poems can now be examined.

The Stride of Time is a gathering of Richmond Lattimore's recent poems with some further translations (Arnaut Daniel, Leconte de Lisle, du Bellay, Gérard de Nerval, Cavafy, Euripides and Virgil) for which he is celebrated. The book is charming, autumnal in tone, the work of a man with a long classical memory. He speaks of "the squeeze of death", and, meanwhile, "the shine of wit", but these are, for the most part, quiet poems. Mr. Lattimore is a poet of percept, a description endorsed in a poem called "Verse" in which Dionysian or bardic aspirations are quietly set aside. Poetry in this urbane case arises from "some oyster's-irritant" which will not tolerate tranquillity until "the percept is sought, sealed, fused, transposed as artifact".

Theodore Holmes's new book is a more daring affair. He seems to have committed himself, in this third collection, to a long struggling line which traces the contour of a loosely analogical mind. We are to follow where the voice leads, o'er aesthetic hill and dale. Scenes and landscapes are translated into speculation, mostly aesthetic and metaphysical. It is like Wallace Stevens of the spinel. Anything reminds Mr. Holmes of anything; no fancy is too fanciful. A poem called "Woman's College" is like a Rorschach weekend, loose to the degree of promiscuity. Mr. Holmes works on the assumption that anything that can be said is worth saying. Among the available fallacies he chooses the most pathetic, until the reader is convinced that Alain Robbe-Grillet is right, after all: if relationships between Man and Nature are as easy to achieve as Mr. Holmes seems to think, they are bound to be bogus, let us away with the wretched things.

Mr. Will's sophistications take a different form, a kind of Imagism in gestures. Some of his new poems, like a sequence called "To a Friend", are the result of conceits too generously indulged. One has the impression that early versions of them might have been good meditative poems, if left alone; but that Mr. Will then went to great trouble to make them cut a dash. He speaks of "taking an occasional walk from one end of myself to another", and he constantly implies that this is a very special journey and that the scenery is remarkable. In fact, many of the new poems are album-verse, no more; like "Three for the Age", a brash thing.

Nikal Seyn is a long dramatic monologue about John Nicholson, hero ("that clayfooted god") of the Indian Mutiny of 1857. The narrator is an Irish-American soldier of incredible antiquity who tells the story to an American scholar sometime in the 1960s. There are suitably contemporary references to the age of overkill, and so on. Mr. Coxe has taken, in all this, a great deal of rhetorical licence. We are to think of the narrator as a capable witness, a qualified participant in the events narrated. Apparently on the excuse that the narrative is recited in Lisburn, the soldier is made to sound like Brendan Behan on a particularly noisy evening; though on several occasions the probabilities are stretched. There are irregular explosions of Latin, philosophy, and Faulknerian rant. *Decoration Day* is a play in which a Great War general, now president of an American college, dreams his war again. Mr. Coxe seems to take the whole thing as seriously as his senile general. There is no hint of a saving irony. If you want to destroy a play about war the easiest way is to include lines left over from the nearest propaganda film. "If they are fighting over there, can we stay out of it?", a character called Ring says. And a girl called Sally is forced to protest at one point. "I don't want a dead hero. I want a live husband."

Domains is a first book of poems by James Whitehead. Most of the poems are descriptive, meditative, pointed towards the morality of occasions. Appropriately in a poem who comes from Huck Finn's town, Mr. Whitehead writes of class and colour. Most of his Negroes are dead. The human possibilities, slight, ranged against hurricane, storm, sea, weather, the malignancy of things in general and death in particular. Mr. Whitehead has his school with Mark Twain, Robert Frost, Flannery O'Connor and other companionable ghosts, but he has his voice. His best poems are those in the shape of anecdotes, given a notable sense of their weight. Of these, "His Old Friend who Says times Comes to Talk", is a beautiful little poem, exact and just.

SOME OF THE BEST

German Writing Today. Edited by Christopher Middleton. 238pp. Penguin. 6s.

Christopher Middleton defines his aim as being "to present a range of work by some of the best German-language writers of the past fifteen years" (the blurb deletes the "some of" from this elom); but it soon becomes apparent that the emphasis is on "experimental texts", and the editor pulls a very fast one indeed when he writes "I doubt if [this selection] is incomplete because it does not include work by several 'safe' writers." If we had been told which writers the editor considers "safe", this might have been unexceptionable; as it is, one can only suppose that he is referring to non-experimental writers who supposedly lack the "radical spirit" (whatever *that* means: the modernist fallacy seems to be lurking here). The crux of the matter is that the editor's aim and criteria are not at all clear. Though he may have fulfilled his real aim, he has not fulfilled his apparent aim, for too many writers who established themselves before, say, 1960 are omitted, and the flavour of the selection is unambiguously that of the early 1960s.

The translations, many of which are by Christopher Middleton himself, are excellent, the standard throughout being very high indeed. A number of them have already appeared elsewhere, but while we are told that it "would not have been sensible to offer samples of work which people can read in available translations", we are then presented with poems by Bobrowski, Enzensberger and Grass, all of whose work has recently appeared in English.

The selection has only a few odd inclusions. What on earth is Hilde Domin doing here? Why are Höllerer and Weyrauch included? Is Höllerer's inclusion a tribute to his non-creative activities? Is Weyrauch's poem on Ezra Pound included for his subject-matter? If so, would not Wieland Schmied's "Ode für Ezra Pound" have been a better choice? And to list translations of work by Gisela Elsner (*The Giant Dwarfs*) and Rolf Hochhuth (*The Representative*) but not by Elias Canetti (*Auto-da-fé*) is surely to be misled by the merely topical.

However, the real trouble with this selection is the omissions. The exclusion of Wilhelm Lehmann is understandable, though the fact remains that he is one of the best and most influential poets of *this* period (that his first collection came out in 1935 is irrelevant; Günter Eich's first appeared in 1930 for that matter). Why are we given nothing from Yvan Goll's 1951 and 1954 volumes, especially when the much less original Krolow and Piontek are included? Other poets excluded: Jesse Thoor, F. B. Steiner, Marie Luise Kaschnitz, Christina Lavant, Peter Rühmkorf. Outstanding prosewriters of the period excluded: Ilse Aichinger, Wolfgang Borchert, Elias Canetti, Wolfgang Hildesheimer, Friedo Lampe. Are these all by implication dismissed as "safe" writers? Or again, why are the east German writers Peter Hacks and Christa Wolff (*Der geteilte Himmel*, 1963) omitted? Were they, too, weighed in the balance and found wanting in radical spirit?

One of the really significant things about this selection is that it presents so many experimental writers to the English-speaking reader. The poetry of Max Hölzer, Rainer M. Gerhardt, Eugen Gomringer, Ernst Jandl, and Franz Mon, for instance, is little known in this country. But could we not have been told why Max Bense, Jürgen Becker and Carlfriedrich Claus for instance are excluded? If the literary right wing is out, would it not have been better to give us a fuller introduction to and selection from the avant-garde? The book is splendidly produced, though and errata are few and far between.

This is an important anthology, a one which contains much to enjoy. If it had been presented as an unashamedly personal selection of certain types of "New Writing in German"—a more accurate title—it would have been altogether admirable.

In Lambeth Palace Road

by ROY FULLER

Not far, as the pigeon flies, from Waterloo,
Where droppings are thick under glass awnings,
To the roadway outside St. Thomas' Hospital
On which a pigeon is smeared as on a slide,
To patients a supererogatory reminder.

How quickly a habit is established in
A strange parish. Waiting for the blood
To dispose of the radioactive iodine,
And suchlike tedium, I visit a teashop
Conveniently under the crenic shadow of County Hall,
Close to where Wordsworth found the earth most fair
Coffee and bun tea and toast; *The Times* then
The *Evening Standard*, punctuated by
The Freud Journal of Lou Andreas-Salomé.
Already one's actions smack of the legendary,
If only to oneself, since at the moment
The springs of verse are flowing after a long
Spell of being banged up. It scarcely needed
The slimy tentacles of the cardiograph
Or the sting of the syringe's proboscis to release them.
They would have been satisfied to observe a waitress
Making sure of her lipstick before going off duty,
To mark the desolation here of the new
Concrete, and rudimentary roundabout,
Or just to read how in woman the genital zone
Is merely leased from the anal; and that (in Lou's view)
She is the antithesis of Faustian man—
For why should she pursue the unattainable
Since she herself is the goal?

Though immersed in the body—
Its plea to Knife and Drug, ludicrous powers,
To restore the health of youth—my Faustian aim
Is really this focus-loving, this bourgeois
Collection and comparison of things.
Enough that the pigeon's eye blinks as slowly as
An old-fashioned camera-shutter, and that its closure
Appears to be affected by the same
Adonitarted arrangement of wrinkled stuff.
And yet uneasily I'm reminded that only
By a concession wrested from the gods
In their weak moments as swan lovers or lyre-fans
Was art accorded the privilege of oldressing
A world in which one order felt ill at ease.

Bridge and river, how did you come to be
Such strange companions? Were the grassy banks
Separated lovers, in acid of a restless erection
To mingle their gravels and really enclose the silver
Serpent forever slipping from their grasp?
Unlucky conjunction, that allowed the horseman
To make the librarians flee, and far products
Feed local manufactories of caste.
But even when the arching stone is broken,
As it will be, and the water divides once more,
And squatting birds, making imperial helmets of bins
Are truly the intelligences of the slub-tide's litter.
The arrangement of molecules will still seem
An utter irrelevance—for what has earth
To do with the purposelessness of divinities?

And yet we imagined them. Found time
From the massing of books and gold, and the mixing of paints
For the elusive elixir of immortality,
To conceive the utterly indifferent giants
In their castle of great fires and freezing corridors.
Is the universal order beneath the poet's
Contempt, then? His sorrow for humanity,
And its complex and pitiful body, too deep
To be comprised in the dust and nameless
One must think so, submitting to the mercy of hospitals,
Agonized over disease to birds, and drinking
The real but small comfort of the Indian herb.

EMINENT AUSTRALIANS

Australian Dictionary of Biography. General Editor: Douglas Pike. Volume I: 1788-1850. A-H. 578pp. Melbourne University Press. Cambridge University Press. £6.

Students of Australian history have until now had to depend for readily accessible biographical material on scattered articles in the *Australian Encyclopaedia* and on Percival Serle's good but short *Dictionary of Australian Biography*, written single-handed and published in two volumes in 1949. They can now look, with some pride, to the steady appearance of a series of volumes which will cover the period from 1788 to 1938, and which will offer them the sort of information (background, career and character, with, in most cases, a critical assessment and bibliography) found in the *D.N.B.*

The editor's preface to the first volume of the *Australian Dictionary of Biography* explains that it is to be followed by a second for the period 1788-1850, then by four volumes for 1851-1890 and probably six for 1891-1938. The dictionary's headquarters are at the Australian National University, Canberra; but all Australian university librarians and archivists have co-operated in this east project, and the articles (whose total, it is estimated, will be some 4,000) are drawn from a wide variety of contributors.

Among the foremost problems in editing a biographical dictionary must be the selection of names for inclusion and the allotment of space to each. Hard on the heels of these problems comes that of guiding the contributors, whose ability to write with elegance and trenchancy may be (and in this volume certainly is) widely different.

Selection inevitably has to be arbitrary; even so, some instances of it here are surprising. Why, one might ask, should Captain Cook be given only a short (anonymous) article, of roughly the same length as that given to George Bruce, "sailor and adventurer", or Alexander Dalrymple the hydrographer? Such decisions may well be justified by the fact that we all know something of Cook (and can learn more from the bibliography provided) but that Bruce and Dalrymple were worth rescuing from obscurity. The decision to give Earl Grey nine columns and Earl Bathurst, an equally important Secretary of State, only one, is more difficult to understand. In principle, apart from explorers and Colonial Office men, only those who set foot in the colonies are included: an exception is made (deservedly) in the case of J. E. Gray, keeper of the zoological department of the British Museum and diligent cataloguer of newly discovered Australian fauna. It would not be difficult to compile lists of those who never would be missed (in which commissariat officials and bickering military men might rank high) or of those who might have been included. But the decisions have been taken: it is more useful now to inspect what is in fact offered.

There are some 500 articles in this volume. The majority of them are good. Some are very good indeed (Arthur, Bent, Bigge, Darling, Enger, Eyre, Fitzroy, Forbes, Franklin, Hindmarsh, Hunter, Gipps, Grey) and a score of others and a few of them are very bad. Some contributors have the gift of expressing themselves with grace as well as clarity. One must applaud the trenchancy of the verdict passed on Burnett: "he represented one side of colonial public service: self-seeking mediocrity".

Wisely, the editor has not imposed a uniform style upon his contributors: that might have made for intolerably dull reading. He has retained such quaint turns of phrase as (of Armytage) "by 1845 his quiver held seven sons and at least three daughters" or (of Baldern) "he filled his father's shoes in the shortharm world", which are surprisingly difficult to render into words at once fewer and more prosaic. But with space so precious, the editor might have cosed his blue pencil more: to eliminate redundant phrases ("as a classical scholar he [H. Dumont] made a translation of Herodotus"), to relieve sententiousness (J. Forster "translated, edited or reviewed many accounts of voyages . . . thus informing the Continental peoples of Pacific and Australian affairs") and, in particular, to curb his contributors' anxiety to press the unique claims to fame of their subjects. That P. E. Cleveson "performed the first surgical operation in Victoria" is worth recording; that he was also "the victim of the first assault in Melbourne by a demented patient on his medical attendant, being rendered semi-conscious by a kick in the stomach" is not. Not all the contributors have the honesty of the author of the piece on W. N. Clark, who admits that his only claim to notice is that he fought hard want the only fatal duel to take place in Western Australia.

A biographical sketch must fit tight round a subject, moulding him and no other. Occasionally contributors have inflated their subjects to the point of ludicrousness. An inglorious trader named Bishop who trafficked in sealskins, pork and firearms is fulsomely described as "an interesting representative of the current British concern for eastern commerce. His personal Odyssey was of intrinsic significance; few before him could have explored the wealth of Africa, America, Australia and Oceania". Of Thomas Arnold (son of Arnold of Rugby) it is said that "Arnold's labours in Van Diemen's Land demonstrated that a mind well trained in Oxford Greats could apply itself effectively to any human situation"—a proposition hardly borne out by the ensuing sketch, in which Arnold is shown to have made a disastrous marriage, provoked antagonism by his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church, left his post in the colony after only six years, and in have been henceforth dogged by "economic and mental distress".

If it is to be more than merely a reference book for checking specific points, a biographical dictionary should be half "lives of the great" and half "a book of characters"; and by this test, this volume is abundantly successful. It includes not only governors, chief justices and other officials, but also aborigines, bushrangers, "wild white men", industrialists, architects, botanists, artists, missionaries and a publican. An agreeable flavour of Boase is imparted by the inclusion of such characters as "Samuel Bate, sinecurist", "Frederick and Charles Boucher, confidence men", "James Davis, absconder" and "Charles Hardwicke, naval lieutenant and racing enthusiast". The editor has deliberately included "less notable" figures "simply as samples of the Australian experience". The good sense of this is shown in the refreshing glimpses we have of men like the Hunter brothers, pioneer pastoralists living the "half-laborious, half romantic" life typified by Rolf Boldrewood's station-owners, or like that self-reliant settler John Bussell, who "created wheels for a truck, dosed sick aboriginals, tanned leather, read philosophy, managed everyone and wrote Latin verse".

Reasons for departure to the colonies (there are few colonial-born subjects in this early period) are always of interest. Many of course came to official appointments; others were transported (the euphemism "forced founder" has been detected only once). Some, virtually unemployable at home, were foisted on the colony by "patronage", occasionally (as in the case of Alexander Macdoff Baxter) to the colony's serious cost. John Bisdee and his bride eloped to Van Diemen's Land; Francis Cotton left because of "rheumatic fever, London fogs and visions of brighter prospects". John Blaxland went because he was depressed at "England's gloomy prospects" for farmers; William Burford, butcher and candlemaker, left in search of "religious freedom", arriving in the colony with one shilling and sixpence in his pocket. Archibald Bell took care to have it known that he left England "not from distress, unfortunate antecedents or any circumstance affecting his conduct or character", but simply because he hoped the colony would offer him a better chance of supporting a wife and nine children.

Others simply "arrived". Perhaps their motives cannot now be traced; but in this case (as with some of the convicts, whose date and place of conviction but not whose crime is noted) might not some scholarly equivalent of "haven't a clue"—literally denoting that perfectly common and respectable frustration liable in all historical research, the unsuccessful pursuit of possibly non-existent material—be devised to appease the reader's curiosity?

The Dictionary is of great value in providing rounded accounts of men whose residence in Australia was but one stage in a complex career. That Eyre explored the Australian interior is well known; the excellent article on him here goes on to discuss his later experiences as lieutenant-governor of New Zealand and particularly as governor of Jamaica, a post from which he was recalled for "unnecessary rigour". To become the centre of intellectual warfare in England between J. S. Mill, Huxley and Herbert Spencer on one hand and Kingsley, Tennyson and Ruskin on the other, Bourke spent his retirement in leisurely fashion, editing (with Earl Fitzwilliam) the correspondence of his distant kinsman Edmund Burke. Frost the Chartist convict returned to England to publish *Horrors of Convict Life*, but "as old age crept on abandoned politics for spiritualism".

We learn some agreeably bizarre facts, such as that a cabbage weighing twenty-six pounds was presented to the Governor at Christmas 1789; that a party of Tasmanian surveyors had to subsist on "a diet of shellfish and parrots", and that a fine over "a cow named Blindberry" became a *cause célèbre* in Sydney. There are fascinating glimpses of what the colonists took with them: John Glover the artist arrived with "English shrubs and song birds", and William Brockman in 1840 with "a prefabricated house". Richard Dore, deputy judge-advocate, would have been well advised to have taken out parchment, stationery and "practical law books", for he found none on his arrival in the colony. John Bisdee successfully acclimatized fallow deer and pheasants, Sir Henry Hayes surrounded his house with "a moat of turf which he had imported from Ireland" to keep the snakes at bay (it appears to have worked); but poor Samuel Anderson's "treasured thistles from the Burns monument at Dumfries were to prove noxious". Curious cargoes returned to England: George Harper presented two live emus to his patron Sir Walter Scott, who accepted them in the belief that they were "some sort of blue and green parrot" but was dismayed to discover that they were "little better than a kind of cassowary or ostrich".

The reader gratefully encounters less familiar pioneers: Hector the Persian stallion ("now recognized as the foundation of Australian bloodstock"); Margeaux, "dam of many fine horses"; Speedy, the race horse who had many successes on the newly-established Sydney turf 1819-21; Newton, the first Spanish ram to reach Hobart, bought for eighty guineas in 1829; and Hadji Baba the Arab horse. All these names (and that of the cow named Blindberry) deserve to be included in the complete index which is eventually to be published.

Professor Pike has said (elsewhere) that he hopes the Dictionary "will inform and instruct the lonely shepherd in his hut as well as the don in his study". It offers both instruction and entertainment to a wide variety of readers, not only in huts and studies but also in public libraries and schools. This volume is excellently produced, and by no means of discouraging dimensions. Its successors will be awaited with great interest.

EARLY MELBOURNE

Georgiana's Journal. Edited by Hugh McCrae. 262pp. Angus and Robertson. £3 10s.

Georgiana McCrae was the Scottish wife of a Scottish lawyer who settled in Melbourne at the beginning of the 1840s. She had been brought up in London and was a woman of some culture who had taken drawing lessons from the celebrated John Varley. In Australia, she kept a diary, fairly consistently for the first three years, and sporadically thereafter; and this, edited by her grandson, the poet Hugh McCrae, was originally published in Australia in 1934. The present volume, the second edition, is the first to appear in this country.

To those who know Melbourne and are interested in the early days of the settlement there, this is obviously a book of some significance, though purely as a diary it cannot be said to rank high. Much of it is small beer of the flattest description: "Baby Blunbury is very ill . . . from teething"; "unpacked George's trousers . . . found them already two inches too short"; "kangaroo soup . . . to our taste, ox-tail is a superior article". All very fascinating, no doubt, to the descendants, as is attested by Mr. McCrae's massive and painstaking annotations, to say nothing of the addition at the end of two lengthy chunks from the hand of his father (the son of Georgiana, one of which is the diary he kept at thirteen, the other an essay on Australia which he compiled at the same age.

Very occasionally a light gleams. On page 87 Richard Hengist Horne makes a minimal appearance, though nothing is said about him; on page 217 the Balcombes gossip a little about their Napoleonic encounters on St. Helena. All this renders the more peculiar the claim solemnly announced in the foreword: "Among the shrewdest annalists (of the Victorian Household) were Isabella Beeton, George du Maurier and Georgiana McCrae."

The illustrations, however, are a different matter. Georgiana profited from her lessons with Varley (to whom, oddly enough, she was introduced by the daughter of the revolutionary firebrand, Thomas Holcroft). Her many sketches and portraits here excellently reproduced are memorable. So also, though for a different reason, are the portentous early photographs of the aristocratic habitués of the Melbourne Club, complete with their chimney-pot hats and their liveried menials.

DOCTOR AT LARGE

GEORGE SAVA: *A Surgeon in Australia*. 256pp. Faber and Faber. 25s.

It is a middle-class characteristic everywhere, but particularly in Britain, to hold doctors in low esteem. "I must see my quack", the affluent and semi-affluent say, when something goes wrong and they must perforce visit their doctor. Practitioners of "fringe medicine", on the other hand, become "that wonderful little bone man, or the black box wizard, or the man who cures everything with herbs". What makes the undervaluation of doctors so puzzling is the rate at which books about them continue to be written and (apparently) read, since to cap this attitude of patronizing condescension scarcely more than two or three of these books are written with grace or credibility. George Sava, an assiduous miner of this presumably profitable seam, is a plastic surgeon; though a cursory reading of his works leaves the impression that there is no branch of medicine in which he is not proficient ("I happen to be a Harley Street specialist with a modest knowledge of surgery", he informs an unimpressed aborigine)—nor a place in the world (*A Surgeon in Rome, A Surgeon in California, A Surgeon in New Zealand, A Surgeon in Cyprus, Surgeon under Capricorn*, and lots more) where he has not practised the healing art. He must be an infrequent attendant at his Harley Street rooms.

This time he fulfils a long-cherished dream of a spell with the Flying Doctor service. The pattern is depressingly akin to others in the seemingly endless saga—a collection of clichés with local colour, technical accounts of medical procedures, and hackle-raising writing.

"You're a surgeon", I reminded myself sternly, "all right, here you're fighting against fantastic odds, but it's your job to fight, not to stop and think about life's cruelty."

Mr. Sava's world and the equally ridiculous Dr. Kildare world of men in white coats dallying with nubile nurses in hospital corridors and operating-theatres in the intervals between high drama with their patients are a far cry from the freeze on doctors' pay, long hours, dingy overcrowded waiting-rooms, and early twentieth-century hospitals. This world is unchronicled. Somerset Maugham in *Liza of Lambeth*, Francis Brett-Young, and A. J. Cronin in *The Citadel* glanced briefly at it in an earlier stage of its existence; Sinclair Lewis wrote sympathetically, unsentimentally, and with insight of life and work in mammoth prestigious research institutes. But real live human beings whose work happens to be doctoring seldom appear in great writing. Pasternak's Dr. Zhivago and Chekhov's doctors are credible human beings, precisely because the technical details of their work are incidental. In the novels, novelettes, and television plays of today the technical details are foremost, and the characters are cardboard figures. No one, for instance has written imaginatively about the impact of thousands of Pakistani and African doctors and nurses who prop up the rickety structure of hospitals in the National Health Service. Here, surely, there is scope even for Mr. Sava. *A Pakistani Surgeon in Bradford?*

PRINTS, PAPYRI, PURITANS, PAPISTS

JOHN EDWARD SADLER: *J. A. Comenius and the Concept of Universal Education.* 318pp. Allen and Unwin. 35s.

When John Amos Comenius died in exile in 1670, his life seemed a failure. The Unity of Brethren, of which he was the last bishop, was scattered and disorganized. His native Moravian land had been overrun by the Spanish soldiery, and his adopted home in Poland had gone up in flames at the hands of soldiers of that country. In that fire Comenius had every reason to think all the manuscripts on which he had laboured incessantly had perished. His concept of pansophy, through which "men, seeing in a clear light the ends of all things, and the means to those ends, and the correct use of those means, might be able to direct all that they have to good ends", had fallen into ridicule. England had been too distracted by civil war to listen to him, and the initial warmth of his welcome in Sweden had cooled to scepticism. Private sorrows had increased his public tribulations. He was spared by death from the humiliation of seeing falsified his prophecy of the millennium in 1672, but otherwise his cup of bitterness was full. Even his burial place in Amsterdam was forgotten.

Time brings its correctives, and the reputation of Comenius is now unassailable. In this the rise of Czech nationalism played its part, for Comenius was recognized as a great Czech patriot, and the language in which he expressed so much of his thoughts came to be more widely studied. But it is as an educationist that his fame stands most securely, and it is on this aspect of his life and works that Mr. Sadler, principal lecturer in education of the City of Birmingham College of Education, concentrates. Mr. Sadler has not only made a thorough study of Comenius's works and the relevant literature but has also visited places in Moravia associated with him, and was able to attach himself to the Comenius Research Group of the Pedagogical Institute. The result is a painstaking and scholarly study of Comenius's great contributions to the theory and practice of education. As is well known, Comenius held that languages should be taught by giving sentences conveying useful knowledge both in the vernacular and in the language to be acquired: and he believed in the use of illustrations. His *Janua Linguarum Reserata* had been anticipated by three Irish Jesuits (who have suffered from a misprint on p.316 of the index), but Comenius deserves the credit not only for his independent discovery of the idea but also for his greater zeal in propagating it; and his *Orbis pictus*, though it has some quaint conceptions of the world by modern standards, has sometimes been called the first children's picture book. In all such matters Comenius was ahead of his age, and he has found a worthy interpreter in Mr. Sadler.

PURITAN

P. G. ROGERS: *The Fifth Monarchy Men.* 168pp. Oxford University Press. 30s.

P. G. Rogers has written a readable, unpretentious account of one of the noisier Puritan movements of the Commonwealth whose extravagances go far to explain the revulsion against prophetic religion in the next century. The study gets off to a poor start with a garbled account of sixteenth-century millenarianism, omitting Müntzer's mighty exposition of Daniel's vision of the Five Kingdoms, and making rather a mess of the Müntzer debacle of 1534-35, thereby dropping interesting clues. For with the sixteenth-century radicals as with these Puritans, there is a vast range between the Biblicist pietists and the wild men and crackpots—and a high proportion of wild women! The tension of the revolutionary age, the regicide, the Commonwealth—all these encouraged the minority to give place and name to the imagery of Daniel and the Apocalypse, at a time when almost all appealed to a God of battles who intervenes in history, and especially "as His manner is, to His Englishmen". It is hard, therefore, for us to understand how patient Cromwell had to be with ideas which captured the sympathy of some of his own major-generals, and such distinguished fanatics as Sir Harry Vane.

The result was not so much a land mine as a jumping cracker, going off in a series of minor, ill-planned, ill-led insurrections about which the authorities knew a good deal all along. And indeed the honest and open fanaticism of John Rogers and Christopher Feake earned them a chapter in the history of effective pamphleteering, while the liveliest part of the book is the serio-comic account of their antics at Windsor in 1654. They were, according to the author's competent summary, "a stiff-necked people" and Cromwell was not far out when he thought they preferred (like too many of their contemporaries) zeal to charity.

SHAKESPEARIAN

Shakespeare's Chracterry. Selected and Arranged by John M. Lothian. 271pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 35s.

The editor's introductory essay establishes the fact that Chracterry was a fashionable art in the early years of the seventeenth century, and seeks to prove that its exponents, such as Bishop Hall, Overbury and Earle, "looked upon Shakespeare's creations as examples of the art they themselves were practising, and worthy of imitation".

His anthology is a collection of more than 400 examples of character-drawing from the plays, arranged in categories, each extract labelled with a descriptive title. In suggesting that many of these portraits are dramatically quite unnecessary to the plays though often very enlivening in their effect" Mr. Lothian seems to invite us to read them out of context, sometimes with surprising results: "A Floos Prince" turns out to be Richard of Gloucester on Buckingham prepares us to see him "*aloft between two Bishops*"; "A Plain Man, No Orator" (among the "Ethical and Psychological Types") is Mark Antony; and Master Ford's words of flattery to Falstaff appear under the label of "Soldier, Courtier, Scholar". Moreover the scope of Chracterry is stretched rather wide to include such abstractions as "The Nature of Death" and such odds and ends as "The Nature of Sherris Sack".

All in all, it is an interesting collection, and the reader will find pleasure in adding his own examples here and there. The illustrations, from contemporary title-pages and elsewhere, provide further evidence of the current flair for characterization.

TUDOR

JOHN E. PAUL: *Catherine of Aragon and her Friends.* 263pp. Burns and Oates. 35s.

Dr. Paul has set out to tell the story of Catherine's personal friends, servants and protégés from the moment of her arrival in England until her death. The subject holds promise of much that is important, for her household exemplified an interesting type of social organization and her patronage of learning was a large contribution to the intellectual life of the time. But Dr. Paul's book tends to be a succession of personal sketches, held together by the biographical details of Catherine's life. The chapter on the humanists—Vives, More and Whytford—interesting as it is, would have gained from a study of the literary dedications to the Queen and from a more general account of patrons and scholars under Henry VIII. Set beside the patronage of Margaret Beaufort, Catherine's own cultivation of learning would be seen in a clearer context. As it is, Dr. Paul's emphasis on the personal does not do justice to her very real achievement. Yet even if the book fails to fulfil the hopes of a Tudor specialist, it has genuine virtues. There is much interesting material for the general reader of history, and many of the stories, in particular those of Margaret Pole, Richard Fetherstone and John Forest, are movingly and vividly related.

CARMELITE

BROCARD SEWELL: *My Dear Time's Waste.* Introduction by Colin Wilson. 169pp. Saint Albert's Press. £2 5s.

Corvo, Montague Summers, John Gray, Arthur Machen, Henry Williamson, Oswald Mosley (for he is a serious writer, it appears): these are some of the writers Fr. Sewell admires, and, if they seem an unlikely lot for a Carmelite friar to recommend, it could be maintained on the evidence of his autobiography that Fr. Sewell is an unusual friar. He is the editor of *The Aylesford Review*, which has faithfully reflected his own interest in minor writers and in the occult by-ways of the ecclesiastical underworld. And he has had a long apprenticeship both in clausral life and in the business of publishing little reviews and books in limited editions. He was a Dominican novice for some months, then left to work with Hilary Pepler at his hand-press in Ditchling, where he found much to like in the Distributist gospel that was so indostriously applied there. The war years saw him in the Air Force, and afterwards he spent some years as a student for the priesthood with the Canons Regular in Cornwall. Finally he transferred to the Carmelites and is today a member of the community that is established at Aylesford, the site of one of their most illustrious medieval foondations.

He has much to say that is interesting about his boyhood at a minor public school, about the trivial details of novitiate life and about his literary enthusiasms, and has even some new information to give about the Stephen Ward trial. He is evidently a defender of the persecuted. He tells us—and provides photographs—of his young writer friends. Fr. Sewell ends with a brief account of religious life in general and of his Carmelite realization in particular, which tries to tie together the loose ends of a book which is never dull, is sometimes sorprising and is always the expression of an honest—though some might say a very naive—man.

BLAKEIAN

Blake's Job. Introduction and commentary by S. Foster Damon. 60pp. Providence, Rhode Island: Brown University Press. $6.00.

The Book of Job fascinated Blake; its innumerable quotations and mentions in his writings, drawings and engravings testify. The present volume does not go over the under field, which has already been explored at length elsewhere. This book is concerned with an accurate reproduction of Blake's *Illustrations* from a set of proofs of the first edition of 1825, with some explanation of the particular significance of these strange works for their creator, and of the meaning which Blake drew with mystical insight from the sacred text. While it has been possible to suggest by specific examples some of the interpretations that the artist is seeking to express here, it clearly has not been practicable to take the reader beyond this story of Job, which Blake is illustrating as an account of man's spiritual growth to union with God, and to relate this to its wider importance within Blake's concept of theology. But no more admirable instance of his method of interpretation could have been found. The mystical experience expends itself in creative work. Blake's visions are thus of quite another kind from those of the contemplative, who is the type of person with whom mystical experiences are most commonly met. Whether Blake's artistic power is always equal to the power and feeling behind his thoughts, and perhaps particularly those on the Bible, is questionable, but certainly the possessors of this excellently produced book will have by them a valuable introduction in the difficulties that beset the poetic thinker who is also a creative visual artist.

PHILOSOPHICAL

HARRY PROSCH: *The Genesis of Twentieth Century Philosophy.* The Evolution of Thought from Copernicus to the Present. 418pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 10s.

Professor Prosch, who is chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Skidmore College, takes philosophy in a very broad sense. It includes what used to be called natural philosophy, and he has chapters on ethics and politics as well as on metaphysics. After an account of the shaping of modern science by Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Descartes and Newton, he studies the philosophical reflections of Locke, Berkeley and Hume resulting therefrom, and the way in which Hume's scepticism led to Kant's transcendental philosophy. At this point he turns aside to consider the life of man in society, outlining the views of Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Adam Smith, Rousseau, Kant and Hegel. After noting the effect of evolutionary theories upon the Hegelian and Kantian systems, he devotes his attention to four movements that have had a major place in subsequent thinking—Marxism, pragmatism, analytical philosophy and existentialism. He looks a little optimistically, perhaps, for a genuine synthesis of these four schools.

DIOCLETIAN

Papyri from Panopolis. (Chester Beatty Monographs No. 10.) Edited by T. C. Skeat. 194pp. 3 plates. Dublin: Hodges Figgis.

These two long, though incomplete, rolls contain copies of official correspondence, the one a register of letters dispatched by the Strategus of the Panopolite area, the other of letters received probably by the same official from his superiors in the service. All the correspondence falls in the years A.D. 298-300. That in the first roll is concerned with the visit of Diocletian, described as the Senior Augustus, to Upper Egypt shortly after the suppression of the revolt of Domitianus; that in the second is concerned with supplies of provisions and money for troops in the Thebaid in some unspecified emergency. Both rolls illustrate in detail the functioning of an elaborate administrative system working at high pressure in a crucial period; suggestions of incompetence and corruption are not lacking. There is much fascinating detail; smiths are conscribed into armament production; official correspondence gets eaten by mice in transit; official mail covers 120 miles in a day; but the documents are principally important for the study of military and administrative history and for settling some problems about Diocletian's career.

It would be difficult to fault the description or translation; the introduction and commentary are clear and to the point, and the production, as one would expect from the Keeper of Manuscripts of the British Museum, provides an *editio princeps* should.

INTERVENTION

JOHN SWETENHAM: *Allied Intervention in Russia, 1918-19.* 315pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 2s.

To the Allied military forces engaged in intervention in Russia in 1918-19 Canada contributed only a force which operated on the Canadian front and in Siberia. Mr. Swetenham was responsible for all the section relating to Canadian pilots for the Canadian official history. Later he decided that what was left over and to incorporate into a general history of the intervention. The book therefore contains its special Canadian interest in the words "and the part played by Canada" appear under the heading of sections relating to the Canadian contingents and to Canadian troops together with some excellent photographs, are the most interesting in the book. Less can be said for the remainder. Though the author had access to Canadian archives said to contain documents still withheld from research students in this country, nothing new emerges and no critical appraisal of the episode is attempted. The account, which is well written, comes mainly from the memoirs of various participants; and the point of view is that of the military men who commanded the operations.

ETCHER

FRANCIS ADAMS COLVIN: *Gothic Vision: F. L. Griggs and his Work.* 364pp. Boston Public Library. Oxford: Ashmolean Museum. £6 6s.

"In the summer of 1961, when I visited London, the author said to me . . . that no adequate book had yet been written about F. L. Griggs and his work". A charming way of conjuring up as it does a particular world where social studies of Griggs might not arise since the world in which we live is not so well endowed. We must be duly grateful for Mr. Colvin's labour of love, which consists not only to compiling and annotating a complete catalogue of Griggs's work, drypoints, &c., with a complete state of all except about twenty early plates reproduced, but also writing out the whole book for photographic reproduction (actually the effect of this is a little misleading until one gets used to it). Mr. Comstock's lettering looks at glance like a type of the Gothic Hundiera fa period, except that it varies slightly in size up and down the page. But at least it is perfectly legible, and no doubt comes out if the book had been printed in this type.

Griggs's own work benefits markably well under the wise Mr. Comstock's lavishly detailed treatment. In the midst of Morris and Gimson he was a quiet, self-effacing figure, content when "he had made real money (as he did and did) and philosophical when the slump suddenly cut down the sale". He was a meticulous craftsman, the most striking aspect of his work is that indicated in the book. He thought in gothic terms and consciously that. It is sometimes impossible to tell from his work the extent of his scholarship, which imaginary, which borrowed. Perhaps he is going too far to say that his work stock does) of "The Mirror of Justice" is "instinct with the venerable Gothic spirit of medieval building and poetry", but at least, while a student of the same period, the reader does achieve a solidity and conviction that Colvin's book quite achieves. "Griggs" is a minor but honourable figure in the history of British etching, and indeed to have found such a sympathetic expositor as Mr. Comstock.

A NEW APPROACH TO CRIME?

THE mood and temper of the public in regard to the treatment of crime and criminals", Winston Churchill said as Home Secretary in 1910, "is one of the most unfailing tests of the civilization of any country." Judged by this standard few countries have nowadays anything to be proud of. Fear and prejudice still stand in the way of any consistently constructive approach to the problem of delinquency, with the result that each particularly abhorrent crime which catches the public attention produces a renewed demand for yet another twist in the vicious spiral of retribution and deterrence, instead of leading the community to ponder on its own responsibility for the misdeeds that are committed in its midst.

Until fairly recently it was still possible to believe that a general improvement in social conditions, the abolition of poverty, poor housing and unemployment would by itself lead to a gradual reduction of the level of delinquency, if not to its eventual disappearance. Experience in an affluent society has made this hope look not only ungalanty, but even in a sense perilous, since it has concentrated all too long the efforts and the resources of the community into a direction which, however desirable in itself, is unlikely ever to achieve the desired end as a sort of by-product. On the contrary, it is now beginning to be accepted as probable, or at least possible, that crime, so far from responding positively to an amelioration of social conditions, may be a factor inherent in the social system which we have adopted and the price we pay both for the degree of liberty we enjoy and for the advances we may make on the road towards the ideal which many most comprehensively be despaints as "the good life".

This view is, of course, by no means new. What gives it special significance today is that, by cutting right across established value judgments, it meets with the present need for a new objective approach to the phenomenon of crime. Nor, as Professor Radzinowicz makes clear in his recent magisterial summing up of crime in its social and historical context, *Ideology and Crime*, is the acceptance of crime as a possibly endemic feature of our society any ground for defeatism or inaction. What it does is to discourage still further the slate debate about ultimate causes and universal remedies and to shift the emphasis from unsubstantiable generalizations and emotionally charged arguments to the search for ways and means of social manipulation.

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In the absence of any clear knowledge of the causation of crime and of any panacea for the treatment of criminals, the social technique of dealing with delinquency has remained surprisingly static for the past century or more and the practice of the courts and of our penal institutions remains in broad outline governed by the traditions inherited from a different age. The law's chief weapon in the struggle against crime has hitherto been intimidation, a kind of "beneficent blackmail", often savage in its application, but with periodic concessions to a somewhat more liberal, though not necessarily more rational, spirit. If justification were sought for this time-honoured system of prohibitions and punishments, it could doubtless be found in the cynical observation that in all situations of life human beings are constantly being forced, seduced and cajoled into certain behaviour. As it happens, those most closely engaged in the enforcement of the criminal law and its sanctions, the police, the courts and the personnel of our penal institutions, are so hard put to keep up with the demands made on them by the ever increasing volume of offenders in the face of a largely indifferent society that they have little time to pause and consider whether the system they serve is ethical or even only effective. Unfortunately, in the process, their work has not always kept fully up to date with present knowledge about the human beings on whom it falls and has failed to assume the leadership in the far-reaching adjustment that is required if crimes are to be prevented rather than suppressed.

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An empirical approach to its essentially conservative function has always made the legal profession reluctant to see its own work in the light of general principle. Although the gap between academic writing and research on the one hand and the practice of the law on the other is no longer so wide as it once was, lawyers tend to be extremely cautious towards outsiders propounding new concepts untested by experience, especially towards experts who might seem to claim for other branches of knowledge a say in decisions which have always been considered judicial. No significant influence has ever been wielded in this country by "schools" of legal and philosophical thought elaborating and debating coherent sets of contending theory, which seem indispensable on the Continent before reorientation of any branch of the law and reform can take place. There is therefore over here nothing as yet to compare with a movement like "Social Defence" which has recently emerged in France as a framework and outline for a new approach to crime and its treatment and is now being debated with some intensity in all civil law countries. Although its broad aim to combine a maximum of individual liberty with the minimum of coercive action indispensable to safeguard vital interests of society, as outlined by M. Marc Ancel, clearly owes much to English political thought, the movement has so far aroused little interest in this country.

This is not to say that the search for practical improvement of our system, haphazardly as it has grown out of trial and error rather than through successive waves of planned legislation, could not benefit substantially from such rethinking of basic concepts and aims. Perhaps the most important single point that emerges from Professor Mannheim's text book of *Comparative Criminology* as the first, if almost inevitably somewhat discursive, attempt at a comprehensive summing up of present theory and practice (at least in English) is the realization that there is in fact, despite all differences of method and approach, more common ground than might be assumed between the position of Anglo-Saxon criminologists and their colleagues abroad.

Where this country has always made its most lasting contribution is not in the formulation of policy but as a pioneer in finding and testing new answers to meet the exigencies of practical situations. With the increasing recognition that there can be no one cause of crime any more than medicine hopes to single out one cause of disease, this pragmatic approach has of late received a potent new impulse. Once the attempt is abandoned to reduce all manifestations of delinquency to a common denominator, the road is free for a close analysis of individual facets of criminal behaviour and an objective sifting of facts. This is indeed the direction which the most promising work in criminology and penology is now taking here. With the United States firmly in the vanguard, because of the magnitude of their crime problem and the availability of larger resources, this kind of aimed research has only begun to get into its stride in England since the war, but it has already established itself as a major factor in shaping a new understanding of crime. Under the auspices of the former Department of Criminal Science of Cambridge University, now enjoying the status of an autonomous institute, of the London Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency, and ton a more limited scale of voluntary organizations like the Howard League, exemplary if inconspicuous work is now being done by way of pilot projects to investigate, on the basis of field work and sample case studies, individual crimes in terms of the conditions and circumstances, or conjunction of circumstances, in which they most frequently tend to occur.

Slowly but definitely, by examining sectional aspects of crime and its sanctions and by testing limited hypotheses, a mosaic of detailed objective information is being accumulated where hitherto preconceived notions and guesswork have largely taken the place of facts. If in this sense criminological research is now reaching the status of a science, it has also become conscious of its dependence on other sciences. Aware that the circumstances leading to crime are rarely exclusively environmental or strictly personal, but depend on a complex interaction between the two, such research involves today, just as the detection of crime, a wide range of disciplines. It is where medical men, psychologists and psychiatrists and perhaps even behaviour scientists on the one hand and theologians on the other have joined forces with criminologists proper, sociologists and social workers, that some of the most stimulating among the constantly increasing number of research reports have come into being. Whether concerned with particular categories of offenders like T. C. Willett's *Criminal on the Road* or with specific manifestations of lawlessness like the two exemplary studies of *Robbery* and *Crimes of Violence against the Person* in London by a team headed by F. H. McClintock of the Cambridge Institute, or again with the motivation of particular crimes like Dr. West's volume of *Murder followed by Suicide* and Dr. Mowat's *Morbid Jealousy and Murder*, they all refuse to see "crime" in generic terms and instead concentrate attention on specific environmental or emotional situations which seem especially productive of given offences. Recognition that in the same way as there is no single cause of crime there can also be no single treatment has equally shifted research in matters of penology to an assessment of particular forms of punishment and treatment in terms of their practical adequacy and effectiveness, with an emphasis on follow-up studies of individual cases. A good and timely example of this is Dr. Hood's reappraisal of the once highly regarded Borstal system.

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The mention of a few such recent studies and reports taken more or less at random must stand for the many which make it clear that each crime and each criminogenic situation poses particular problems requiring individual handling and thereby throws into grave doubt the very foundations of current practice. These doubts are confirmed by experiment and experience abroad, notably of course in the United States, but also in Belgium, Holland and Scandinavian countries, whose more enterprising new departures are now rightly studied in this country with much interest and even a degree of envy. Despite an unfortunate lack of coordination in research, what prevents up-to-date knowledge from making itself felt in practice is not so much absence of agreement among informed opinion as failure to communicate it sufficiently to public opinion and to those whose immediate task it should be to put it into effect.

This is not the place to consider in detail whether and how far traditional court procedure and haphazard methods of sentencing as well as the grave situation in our penal institutions are in flagrant contradiction with the constructive pursuit of crime prevention which the application of modern techniques has put into the range of the possible, which reason and humanity demand and which indeed is now the avowed policy to be pursued. For lack of foresight and a clear conception what to do with the thousands of inadequates who drift in and out of prison, penal institutions are so overcrowded as to be incapable of fulfilling adequately even the (by now more than questionable) part traditionally assigned to them. No wonder that recent official measures, like the White Paper on Adult Offenders with the proposal for early release, for all their air of extensible optimism, bear unmistakable signs of haste and even panic. It raises the suspicion that it has sprung from the realization that yesterday's plans for improvement are already overtaken by today's increased influx, instead of mature planning, without adequate thought having been given to the question who is fitted to take the vital decisions, or how an already overworked probation service is to cope with the additional burden of supervision and after-care.

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Nor can such precipitate developments be interpreted as a concession to strong pressure by the public to abandon out-moded methods of trial and inadequate forms of punishment. Rather is it to be considered whether the uncertainty of purpose and the gap between good intentions and humdrum practice, which weakens the administration of criminal justice from inside and has brought it to its present unhappy straits, is not a faithful reflection, and consequence, of the oscillation and uncertain state of public opinion. The new methods and policies now coming to the fore can have a real prospect of success only provided the public at large becomes aware of the realities of the situation and accepts its own share and responsibility in the struggle against delinquency. If crime threatens to split the community through the action of centrifugal forces, it is in the community itself, where both the delinquent and the powers opposing him have to function, that new resources must be found to halt the process of disintegration.

Already, if statistics are to be relied on, the threat of the criminal law looks the more empty, the more highly organized and lucrative the crime. Since certainty of detection and apprehension is by far the most effective single factor making for law and order, available resources will have to be concentrated more fully and effectually on the most serious crimes and those professional criminals who constitute the real social danger. Current terminology, which dubs as "criminal" anything from a bank hold-up and the ravishing of children to petty pilfering and street walking, tends to prevent the recognition that those who present this hard core of the problem are still, in this country, numerically few. With regard to minor offenders, on the other hand, and those who slide into delinquency out of incapacity to cope with their lives, modern research and experiment have shown that constructive individual treatment offers at least a chance—and the only chance—of rehabilitation and readjustment. Such a positive approach, and the taking of calculated risks which it involves, is possible only in a favourable climate of opinion and if it has not only the understanding but also the support of the public at large.

Any new approach to the problem of crime must in fact take account of the natural desire for freedom from control, for adventure and change and be willing to take risks for the sake of this; it should take its starting point not from the law-breaker alone, but embrace the community as a whole. To whatever extent it may be necessary in future to control human action by coercion, the main struggle against delinquency will have to take place at least one stage earlier, namely through evolving a new realization of the direct responsibility of all for the degree of order, conformity and coherence considered necessary in public and private life.

Already close attention to the "dark" figure of crime and "self-confessed" delinquency has made the distinction between opposing groups of the law-abiding citizen and the "criminal" extremely dubious. Even the victims of crime can no longer be considered as innocent as might have been thought, since case studies have shown in a surprisingly large proportion of offences of violence against persons and even property offences some direct and grave contributory fault of the injured party. It might indeed be argued that, by its indifference to the criminogenic situations it creates and failure to prevent them from resulting in the fatal break, the community at large is seldom wholly free from blame for the degree of lawlessness that occurs.

Even more serious, since recidivism forms the core of the crime problem, is the lack of active public participation in a determined effort to see that crime does not *occur*. Neither organized labour nor employers have yet begun to appreciate the decisive significance, for good or ill, of their contribution to the dilemma of the convicted offender who, upon release, tends to be forced into unskilled, temporary or seasonal jobs which offer least work satisfaction and stability of employment at the very moment when these are most needed. In helping those who have fallen foul of the law to form social relationships which will enable them to feel accepted as part of the community, if they so desire, the public at large has its greatest responsibility and opportunity.

What used to be close association of the public with the administration of justice in the jury service has become a time-wasting chore for the citizen, a matter of unavowed distrust for the judges and a serious obstacle to a more scientific conduct of the trial. No longer does it serve the purpose for which it was conceived and which caused it, a century and a half ago, to spread over the civilized world as a symbol of an enlightened administration of justice. Surely it is time to consider whether in modern society the private citizen has not a new valuable function in so vital a field as the prevention and treatment of crime. Participation in the decision on the sanctions to be applied against convicted offenders and on their release under what is now becoming known as parole, a share in the supervision of those placed on probation and in their resettlement, an active, well-determined role in a planned effort to secure for those numerous inadequates among the present prison population material and emotional conditions which will reduce recidivism, are only some of the possibilities which readily suggest themselves. Such active association with the positive aspects of the administration of criminal justice as a social service would not merely lighten the task of the hard-pressed agencies on whom the whole burden now falls. It might, by giving the citizen a first-hand knowledge of the human realities involved and a new sense of responsibility for them, produce the change of approach and climate in the community which, rather than suppression of action by coercion and intimidation, offers the only lasting prospect of controlling crime.

Some recent books relevant to the article above are:

LEON RADZINOWICZ: *Ideology and Crime.* 152pp. Heinemann. 21s.

MARC ANCEL: *Social Defence.* A Modern Approach to Criminal Problems. 232pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 32s.

HERMANN MANNHEIM: *Comparative Criminology.* Volume 1: 415pp. Volume II: pp.419-793pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £4 4s. the set.

D. J. WEST: *Murder Followed by Suicide.* 181pp. Heinemann. 33s.

RONALD RAE MOWAT: *Morbid Jealousy and Murder.* A Psychiatric study of Morbidly Jealous Murderers at Broadmoor. 131pp. Tavistock Publications, under the auspices of the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency. 30s.

ROGER HOOD: *Borstal Re-Assessed.* 244pp. Heinemann. £2 2s.

Scandinavian Studies in Criminology. Volume 1: 226pp. Oslo: Universitets Forlaget. London: Tavistock Publications. £2.

THOMAS MATHIESEN: *The Defences of the Weak.* A Sociological Study of a Norwegian Correctional Institution. 259pp. Tavistock Publications. 35s.

W. T. MCGRATH (Editor): *Crime and Its Treatment in Canada.* 510pp. Macmillan. £2 10s.

JOHN P. CONRAD: *Crime and Its Correction.* 312pp. Tavistock Publications. £2 10s.

C. R. SHOOLBRED: *The Administration of Criminal Justice in England and Wales.* Foreward by Harold B. Williams. 158pp. Pergamon Press. 12s. 6d.

MIND AND MATTER

KARL RAIMUND POPPER: *Of Clouds and Clocks.* An Approach to the Problem of Rationality and the Freedom of Man. 38pp. St. Louis: Washington University.

Few philosophers can ever have packed so much material into a limited space as Sir Karl Popper has done into this second Compton Memorial Lecture. The enigmatic title is the least hard feature to explain. "Clouds" are symbols of the unpredictable, "clocks" of the strictly determinate; and whereas Newtonian mechanics taught that "all clouds are clocks", Sir Karl Popper (following C. S. Peirce, for whom he has a great respect) believes that to some considerable degree "all clocks are clouds". It is, of course, quantum mechanics that has brought about the change of outlook.

For A. H. Compton "the nightmare of the physical determinist" was the thought that all man's actions are predetermined by mechanical laws; and he welcomed the way of escape which seemed to be offered by the indeterminacy of the new physics. This view has been refined to "the master switch theory", according to which our minds work upon our bodies by influencing or selecting some quantum jumps, and these are amplified by our central nervous system until eventually they bring about muscular contractions. Sir Karl Popper has no difficulty in showing that it is no more satisfactory to ascribe, say, Beethoven's symphonies to the chance writing of some black marks on paper than it is to ascribe them to automation.

In Sir Karl's view, the nightmare is bound to arise from any theory which describes the world as a physically complete or physically closed system. Such non-physical things as purposes, plans and values do play a part in bringing about physical changes in the physical world. Compton posed this problem by asking how it was that an entry in his diary could bring a phototropic organism such as himself to tear himself away from "sunny Italy" to "chilly New Haven". To solve "Compton's problem" Sir Karl develops a new theory of language, and a new term, "plastic control", to indicate that Compton's determination to return still left him plenty of variety in the means of so doing, and that we are not forced to submit ourselves to our theories for we can act upon them, by a process of "feed-back", as much as they upon us.

He finally addresses himself to "Descartes's problem", that is, the action of mind upon body, by nothing less than a new theory of evolution developed in twelve theses. It is not necessary in his view to say what mind or consciousness is, provided that we say something about the evolution, and thereby about the functions, of mind or consciousness. The essence of the theory is that problem-solving always proceeds by the method of trial and elimination of error. It gives "an almost trivial answer" to Descartes's problem, for, without saying what the mind is, we conclude that our mental states control (some of) our physical movements and that there is some inter-action or "feed-back" against between mental activity and the other functions of the organism.

Philosophers may debate for some time to come whether Sir Karl has solved or evaded the problem that Descartes set; but they cannot fail to meditate carefully upon this new approach to age-old controversies in the light of the latest scientific theories.

SCIENCE BEWARE SCIENCE

BARRY COMMONER: *Science and Survival.* 128pp. Gollancz. 21s.

The night in November, 1965, when the lights went out in New York and over an area of 80,000 square miles in the north-eastern United States and Canada was a spectacular demonstration of the unsuspected dangers of modern science, for it could not have happened but for the north-eastern grid, and yet the north-eastern grid had been constructed so as to ensure that no part of the area would go short of current. What happened, in brief, is that the failure of a relay brought the safety switches into operation on other lines unable to carry the extra load, and so on in rapid succession before the engineers could tumble to what was happening and take the necessary corrective action. Mechanical questions brought mechanical responses.

This is something that actually happened and Professor Commoner, who is Professor of Botany in the Washington University of St. Louis, supplements it with a startling illustration of something that could happen. Every ton of wood, coal, petroleum or natural gas burnt increases the carbon dioxide content of the air. This acts like a greenhouse, allowing the light of the sun to enter but not allowing the infra-red energy into which it is converted to escape. It has been calculated that by the year 2000 the carbon dioxide in the air may be sufficient to start melting the Antarctic ice cap in a period reckoned to be between 4,000 and 40,000 years. Complete melting would raise sea level by 400 feet, with disastrous results for many countries.

These are only two of the startling cases brought forward by Professor Commoner in his plea to men of science for caution. The greater part of the book is concerned with the danger of contamination of the atmosphere through atomic fall-out, and though the argument cannot be put to governments too often it is unnecessary to rehearse it here. Disturbance of the balance of nature through pesticides is another danger to which attention has often been drawn.

The moral would seem to be not that science should be suppressed but that more thought should be given to all the consequences of scientific programmes, and that, when untoward results nevertheless occur, corrective action should speedily be taken. Professor Commoner cites the case of detergents. The waste products could not be broken down by bacteria in waste disposal systems as soap could be, and the explanation was found to be in the branched molecular structure of the detergents. Methods were then developed for producing detergents which could be degraded by bacterial action from unbranched hydrocarbon molecules. What had threatened to become a great evil was averted.

It is probable that men of science will always find the answer, on one condition—that they are given time. One of the most serious aspects of nuclear warfare is that there would not be enough time before irretrievable damage were done. The time needed can be shortened if there is full and free dissemination of scientific knowledge, and Professor Commoner comes out strongly, with some pertinent examples of folly, against unnecessary secrecy.

CHRISTIANITY AND JULIAN HUXLEY

C. H. DOUGLAS CLARK: *The Scientist and the Supernatural.* 202pp. Epworth Press. 35s.

Physicists know Mr. Clark as the author of a three-volume work on the fine structure of matter and other specialized monographs, but the precursor of his present book was a work which he wrote in 1958 under the title *Christianity and Bertrand Russell.* In this volume his target is Sir Julian Huxley's *Religion without Revelation.* His book is, in fact, two things. It is, as it professes to be in its sub-title, "a systematic examination of the relation between Christianity and humanism", but it is also a point-by-point refutation of Sir Julian Huxley's book. Mr. Clark, who spent thirty-five years with the Department of Structural and Inorganic Chemistry at the University of Leeds, and who has obviously used his retirement to good effect in making himself master of theological literature as well as in keeping abreast of scientific inquiry, clearly has it in him to perform both tasks well. The only doubt that arises is whether they can be successfully combined in one volume. If his refutation of Sir Julian Huxley had been presented separately Mr. Clark could have referred with greater ease to the original, whereas his chosen method forces him to dart back and forth among the pages of *Religion without Revelation* in a manner not always easy to follow.

The book does, however, embrace much learning and shows evidence of an admirable balance of judgment. It is a "systematic examination" in the fullest sense. The first chapter sets out the nature of the inquiry in a manner that, in his days of research, Mr. Clark must have used to set out the problem to be solved. He elaborates some of the unreal elements in the conflict between science and religion (rather, between certain scientists and religion), and as a distinguished physicist he is entitled to emphasize the point that scientists, like theologians, often accept what they do not fully understand and use theories which seem to contain irreconcilable elements; for example, they rely on both wave and quantum theories of light and electrons.

Mr. Clark seeks to dispose, in the following chapter, of certain objections held by humanists concerning the Christian faith—the miraculous, evil, a future life, and earthly disasters in relation to God's providence. He devotes the whole of his next important chapter to the contention that God is merely a personification, without perhaps sufficiently considering the argument that, if God exists, man must necessarily think of him in terms of the highest that he knows in the scale of being, that is, human personality. In a real sense there must be a personification of God, and this does no harm any more than, say, the solar system model of the atom does harm to the progress of physics, provided that its limits are recognized.

This completes the negative part of Mr. Clark's work, and the remaining two chapters set out some of the positive evidence for the Christian faith, such as the uniqueness of Scripture and the supremacy of Christ, and adumbrate a Christian humanism which is more acceptable, in the author's view, than the evolutionary humanism of Sir Julian Huxley.

Letters to the Editor (*continued*)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sir, The treatment of scholars visiting to use material in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library as revealed in your correspondence columns, is of particular concern to students of the Irish Renaissance, since the Berg has now acquired the entire archive of Lady Gregory's papers, essential to the further textual study of Yeats and to the history of the Abbey Theatre. As Lady Gregory's only biographer to date, I am frequently asked by post-graduate students in Dublin where material may be seen. Few if any of these could afford to cross the Atlantic. Some, no doubt, could afford to pay for photostats, but it appears that they are not even to be allowed to keep the copies they have paid for.

At the time of the sale many of us regretted that the archive could not have been retained for the National Library of Ireland, but we rejoiced that it would be in good and scholarly hands, and we imagined that American generosity would presently pass photostat copies of the most important material back to the National Library, when it had been sorted and catalogued.

The only reason why literary material leaves its country of origin is a financial one. Literary men die poor, and their heirs cannot be blamed for selling in the best market. And legally, no doubt, the buyer can do with it what he will. But morally, is there not a very strong claim to be made for the country of origin, which has contributed so much to the formation of the literary artist and to his work? Dr. Gordan cites the testamentary wishes of the Berg's founder. But did the fact that Dr. Berg had a large fortune to leave for the acquisition of manuscripts entitle him to take from other countries part of their cultural birthright? I maintain that no foreign individual or institution has any such right. They may constitute themselves guardians—and the American institutions are admirable guardians—but it is intolerable that they should constitute themselves jailers.

Dr. Gordan claims that "the library must retain some voice in the way its properties are used". This is tyranny; once a scholar's bona-fides is established, no such "voice" is demanded by the British Museum or by the National Library of Ireland. And I would remind him that the traffic is two-way. In order to make their own best use of their "properties", American scholars still need a great deal of European cooperation: recollections of survivors and descendants, loan of private letters, and so on. It will be given less willingly if an arrogant and purse-proud attitude is known to exist. Indeed, European countries may presently be driven to legislate against the loss of cultural material abroad.

Individually, American scholars are the most generous of colleagues and the friendliest of literary comrades-in-arms. Perhaps because they tend to be almost as poor as ourselves, it would be a tragedy if the goodwill they promote were to be negatived by the policies of the institutions behind them. It cannot, surely, be the wish of the American people to treat us as poor relations, picking up the crumbs from under their table—crumbs, moreover, of our own baking.

I earnestly hope that the Berg and the other great American manuscript collections, which are not too proud to appeal to people like myself for advice and help, will think again.

ELIZABETH COXHEAD.
The Red House, St. Mary's Way, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire.

Sir,—If a study is to advance, young scholars must have access to the relevant materials. Obviously private property ought to be respected, and these materials cannot be made available automatically, or in every case in the interest of scholarship. Some control over rare and/or unique material is desirable; of this the acknowledgments which precede many books, the fruits of this type of control, are an excellent sample. For example, the sufficient justification.

CONSTANCE [illegible]
Westfield College, University of London.

THE DIALECTIC OF [illegible]

Sir, Your reviewer [illegible] with proper humility, asks [illegible] when writing of Fragonard's [illegible] *pre-Revolutionary paintings.* [illegible] what he was talking of. The [illegible] so it now seems, is happily [illegible] did. For confirmation I am [illegible] by my colleague, M. Michel [illegible] to the reliable specialist, Lo[illegible] On page 87 of his *Fragonard* [illegible] 1956) such a painting by Hoos[illegible]nard, depicting Henry IV [illegible] rielle d'Estrées, is recorded as [illegible] Musée de Picardie, Amiens. Fr[illegible] did this painting in accordance [illegible] requirements of the directeur [illegible] ments du Roi under Louis XVI [illegible] villes, for pictures with patri[illegible] jects.

But to my mind the main [illegible] your reviewer is not this trifling [illegible] and misleading point he has [illegible] upon not the denigration [illegible] scholar's work, on the strength [illegible] *parti pris* and, as it proves, [illegible] imputation.

EVELYN [illegible]
Flat 3, 3 Eton Avenue, London [illegible]

** Our reviewer writes: Mr [illegible] information is interesting. Of [illegible] works attributed to Fragonard [illegible] Musée de Picardie at Amiens [illegible] Henry IV with Gabrielle d'E[illegible] rejected from the standard catalogue his works by Wildenstein.

TROLLOPE

Sir,—In his letter published [illegible] issue of December 29, 1966, [illegible] Principal King of Arts [illegible] character with the uncommon [illegible] Lawrence Twentyman in Anthony [illegible]lope's *The American Senator*, [illegible] not the only novel in which [illegible] used the name. In *Ayala's Angel* [illegible]lished in 1881 (a year before [illegible] author's death), there is a [illegible] the name of Larry Twentyman [illegible] a young farmer and an [illegible] hunter.

NEIL [illegible]
Acqua Sorgente, Forio, Ischia, Napoli.

LORD HANKEY

Sir,—The family of the [illegible] Hankey (Secretary of the [illegible] 1916-1938) have entrusted [illegible] task of writing the authorized [illegible]graphy. For that purpose [illegible] depositing the main collection [illegible] Hankey's papers in the [illegible] Archive Centre where [illegible] facilities are available for [illegible] cataloguing. I would be most [illegible] If any of Lord Hankey's [illegible] colleagues in this country [illegible] who possess letters from him [illegible] special knowledge of any [illegible] life and work, would contact [illegible] with me describing briefly the [illegible] at their disposal and saying [illegible] they are prepared to lend [illegible] papers. These would be copied [illegible] filed in the Archive Centre [illegible] originals returned to owners [illegible] as possible.

S. W. ROSKI[illegible]
Churchill College, Cambridge.

MARX AND LUDLOW

Sir,—Some years ago the General Smuts private library was removed from his farm Doornkloof and, rehoused in Jan Smuts House on the campus of this university. It is kept in a replica of the original room in which the library was contained. The books remain in their original places on the shelves and are not intended for readers but rather for display as an entity. Recently, however, a distinguished visitor to the library was allowed to take down from the shelves a copy of the first volume of the first printing by Otto Meissner, HombURG, 1867, of Karl Marx's *Das Kapital.*

It was found that the title page bore the inscription "J. M. Ludlow, Esq. on the part of the author", written in English script in black ink. On several pages in different parts of the volume are corrections of misprints or slight alterations of meanings of the text, by the same hand but in German script. The fly-leaf bears the number 808, seemingly also in Marx's handwriting. Slipped into the volume is a letter to General Smuts from Dr. Otto Jeidels with the place and date, Berlin, October 24th, 1931. Dr. Jeidels indicates that he wishes to give the volume to the General and draws his attention to "dedication and corrections" recently by Karl Marx himself".

It is of interest to note that [illegible] Masterman mentions on page [illegible] recent study of John Maclean [illegible] (Cambridge University Press [illegible]) Marx sent Ludlow his last copy of *Kapital* in the hope that [illegible] review it.

JOHN W. [illegible]
University of the Witwatersrand, Jan Smuts Avenue, Johannesburg, South Africa.

FREUDOLATORS

Sir,—With reference to your [illegible] article "Freud and Freudolatory" [illegible] uary 31 reviewing among others [illegible] respondence of Sigmund Freud [illegible] Andreas-Salomé, your readers [illegible] Interested to know that this book [illegible] translated into English, and will [illegible] be published by George Allen [illegible]

ERNST [illegible]
Managing Director, [illegible] Freud Copyrights,
32 St. John's Wood Terrace, [illegible] N.W.8.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Aircraft

NICHOLL, G. W. R. *The Supermarine Walrus.* 211pp. G. T. Foulis. 36s.

The Walrus is remembered with affection by many naval flying men. It was a single-engined amphibian of modest performance, great strength and comforting stability in the air and on the water. It could go bombing, reconnoitring and ground strafing; its uses as a ferry were among its merits; but it had one special recommendation. It could be housed in battleships and cruisers, could be catapulted from them and picked up by the ship's crane after alighting in the lee of the ship, often while the two were still moving at twelve or thirteen knots. This most accommodating addition to a ship's power meant that fair action could be applied by individual naval units far from land bases and in areas where no aircraft carrier was on duty. Lt.-Com. Nicholl has done a painstaking portrait of the old Walrus and described faithfully many of its exploits.

Arts and Crafts

BOSKOVITS, MILLÓS. *Early Italian Panel Paintings.* 48pp. Budapest: Corvina Press. London: Clematis Press. 25s.

Budapest's Museum of Fine Arts and its Esztergam Christian Museum both own remarkably fine collections of Italian fourteenth and early fifteenth-century paintings. This book reproduces forty-eight of them in good colour and the old gold backgrounds are exceptionally well rendered. Mr. Boskovits, lecturer at the Institute of Art History, Budapest University, supplies an adequate introduction and analytical notes.

BUTLIN, MARTIN. *William Blake.* PARRIS, LESLIE. *The Pre-Raphaelites.* 48pp. Tate Gallery. 5s. each.

The two new Tate Gallery Little Books follow the same pattern as the previous four. They measure 7¾in. by 7¼in., contain thirty-two whole-page reproductions (eight of them in colour) and a twelve-page introduction. They leave a pleasing impression.

MEILACH, DONA, and SEIDEN, DON. *Direct Metal Sculpture.* 210pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 10s.

Though the range of methods is limited, this book would provide a useful list of techniques suitable for the comprehensive school if it were not for the fact that it is technically untranslatable for equipment available on the British market since it was originally designed for American readers. If the method of lighting a welding-torch quoted in the chapter on welding is used on British equipment it would produce an explosive mixture of gases. When a book of this sort is to be published outside the country of its origin, surely attention must be given to any discrepancy in equipment and data. Most of the other technical information is clear and well set out, but the art bits of the text are cross generalities destined to confuse, and, like the photographic subject matter, unselective and in need of re-editing.

Biography and Memoirs

COX, A. BERTRAM. *Figures Aren't Funny.* 184pp. Angus and Robertson. 21s.

As a young man in Australia Mr. Cox went in for accountancy. After that in an assortment of ventures it was one long struggle to balance the books. Mr. Cox relates his experiences lightheartedly and reflects on them with homely philosophy.

RONAN, TOM. *Once There was a Bagman.* 243pp. Cassell. 36s.

A memoir of the Outback as it was forty years ago. Mr. Ronan recalls a variety of people and a variety of jobs in the Northern Territory of Australia. The life was tough and he does not embroider the story. This is plainly bold saga of solitude, rough diamonds and tinned sausage.

Botany

CHERMIR, E. J. H. *The Natural History of Palms.* 393pp. 24 plates. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £5 5s.

Professor Corner writes with the wide knowledge of the specialist on this most distinguished group of plants which stamp themselves in grand simplicity on tropical landscapes. Etched against a tropical shore-line or burst from the canopy of dense forests, the palm provides flooring, roofing and food for millions of human beings. Yet the group, perhaps because of its vastness (some 2,000 species), has been neglected by scientists and so this well-illustrated volume, containing a detailed botanical study together with a consideration of palm geography, evolution and classification, is the more welcome.

Economics

LIVINGSTONE, I. M. *Britain and the World Economy.* 234pp. Penguin. 6s.

Mr. Livingstone has produced a book on Britain and the world economy which covers in a solid and sensible way most of the problems which now affect us, and he draws moderate conclusions on such questions as sterling, the balance of payments, the Common Market, and the developing nations. It is a useful compendium.

WHITE, C. LANGDON, THELEN, PAUL F., MCKNIGHT, THAT L. *World Economic Geography.* 661pp. Methuen. £4 18s.

Though designed primarily for the American college market, this book does provide a source of reference for descriptive information on the world distribution of economic activity, broken down into individual categories of mineral and energy production, manufacturing, agriculture, primary production and communications. Not surprisingly, North America is accorded the most detailed treatment, but considerable information is included on all continents and major countries. However, as with many such texts, statistics relating mainly to 1960 tend to present a misleading picture of some 1967 distributions. On the whole, not as good as the best of such American college texts.

History

COURSE, A. G. *Pirates of the Eastern Seas.* 263pp. Frederick Muller. 30s.

A pitted history of piracy between the Gulf of Aden and Japan from the seventeenth century to modern times. Captain Course packs a prodigious number of cut-throats into his hold, though one could wish that he had more space for some of the more colourful among them.

GIBSON, J. S. W. (Editor). *Banbury and Burial Register of Banbury, Oxfordshire.* Part 1. 1558-1653. Banbury Historical Society. Vol. 7. 25s. (30s. non-members.)

Elizabethan and early Stuart records of baptisms and burials transcribed from Banbury's earliest parish register book. Except for two periods of a few months in the Civil War the entries are continuous, and appear in chronological order followed by full indexes of surnames, places and occupations. An appendix of Banbury wills contains a number which were proved before the parish registers began.

HERMAN, ZVI. *Peoples, Seas and Ships.* Translated by Len Ortzen. 222pp. Phoenix House. £4 4s.

This is an enthusiastic amateur's account of the trading and seafaring activities of the ancient civilizations of the eastern Mediterranean. It describes the ships and trading voyages of the Egyptians and Cretans but puts its main stress on the longer voyages and greater commercial enterprise of the Phoenician city states, headed by Tyre. The book is well illustrated, especially the colour plates of models of ships, but would have been improved by a chronological table and a more generous provision of maps. It contains a useful bibliography for those who are encouraged by it to read more about the role of the sea in the growth of early civilizations.

Music

HEALY, JAMES N. *Percy French and his Songs.* 172pp. Herbert Jenkins. 30s.

A labour of love and a graceful tribute to a modern troubadour dead now forty odd years. French was an Irish versifier of apparently amiable temperament who could give a one-man entertainment with the help of a banjo and a box of coloured chalks. He was born in 1854 and died in 1920. His "ballads" would be called stage-Irish were he not a real Irishman, but they are very thin when set down in cold print and not to be compared with the verses written for music by Alfred Percival Graves nor the witty rhymes of A. D. Godley, whom it is surprising to meet in this context—the connexion is that they were neighbours in their youth. Mr. Healy was prompted to make this biographical sketch and anthology by a recent programme on Radio Eireann and a gramophone record. He has adorned it with some sketches of his own and some photographs. The sort of entertainment provided by Percy French did not survive the 1914 war.

Reference Books

MCWHIRTER, NORRIS D., and MCWHIRTER, A. ROSS (Compilers). *Dunlop Book of Facts.* 256pp. Dreghorn Publications. 15s.

How long is the coastline of Antrim? What is periscopy? Who invented barbed wire? Anybody who needs the answers to these or countless other questions of fact will find them all neatly parcelled in this pantechnicon of information. First published in 1964 and now appearing in a second and extended edition it plugs the gaps in our knowledge on every subject from the world's largest waterfalls to the leading symphonic composers.

Norwegian-English Dictionary. Edited by Einhar Haugen, with Kenneth G. Chapman, Dag Gundersen and Jurgen Rischel. 500pp. Oslo: Universitetsforlaget. London: University of Wisconsin Press (American University Publishers Group). £4 15s.

A pronouncing and translating dictionary of modern Norwegian, with an historical and grammatical introduction.

Whitaker's Almanack for 1967. 1,204pp. Whitaker and Son. 25s.

Religion

CURTIS, L. P. *Anglican Monks of the Eighteenth Century.* 84pp. Archon Books. 30s.

The Church of England, what it is none but its lovers know—is a saying exemplified in these two elegant and perceptive essays from the United States. The first, on the Latitudinarians, is a marvel of compression: the author does not try to say new things, but he has a great gift for the right quotation and a fine talent for limpid utterance himself. The essay on the Evangelical Revival is deferential to the ideology of Mr. E. P. Thompson. This is an impressive and delightful period piece and we may hope for further, more extended, essays from the same pen.

Studies in Rationalism, Judaism and Universalism in Memory of Leon Roth. Edited by Raphael Loewe. 357pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 10s.

A collection of fifteen essays on a wide range of subjects, philosophical, linguistic and religious, in memory of a distinguished Jewish scholar of great learning and rare charm, with a memoir by the editor. The contributors are themselves all Jews, drawn from several countries, and they include names of international repute, such as David Daube, Edward Ullendorff, and Harry A. Wolfson. The title of the volume is chosen to indicate the triangle of interests of Leon Roth, and all the essays are in some way related to one or other of the sides of the triangle.

WESTCOTT, BROOKE FOSS. *The Epistles of St. John.* Introduction by F. F. Bruce. 245pp. Abingdon: Marcham Manor Press. 30s.

Westcott's excellent 1892 edition of the Epistles of St. John, which has always been indispensable, is now available in a revised and fuller version edited by Dr. Bruce. It is a specialist work, scholarly in conception and in execution, and above praise. The re-edition has been offset but is perfectly legible. The publishers present the curious boast that the cover is washable.

Science

DUNNINGTON, C. L. *Seaweeds and Other Algae.* 207pp. Faber and Faber. 36s.

In this introductory book Dr. Dudington provides an elementary account of the algae, both marine and fresh-water. He gives descriptive accounts of diatoms, algae from blue-green to red, and has a chapter on symbiotic forms.

There is some discussion of their physiology and ecology, with particular emphasis on their mineral content and on the phenomenon of "water-blooms". A final chapter in this useful book deals briefly with the uses of algae.

GAME, MICHAEL, and CHINERY, MICHAEL. *The Life of Animals without Backbones.* 128pp. *The Life of Animals with Backbones.* 144pp. *The World of Plants.* 144pp. *Breeding and Growing.* 128pp. *Human Kind.* 144pp. CHINERY, MICHAEL, and LARKIN, DAVID. *Patterns of Living.* 128pp. Sampson Low Foundations of Science Library. 32s. 6d. each. (Schools 22s. 6d.).

These six volumes, each of which can stand on its own, together constitute a splendid introduction to the biological sciences. The texts are bright and accurate, and a large number of clever illustrations, making full use of different colours, should make the mysteries of life clear even to the slowest intelligence.

Sports and Pastimes

SHELNUTT, TOM, with CHRISTINY, RAY. *Above and Below.* 171pp. Robert Hale. 21s.

Unlike most scuba divers Mr. Shelnutt is a professional diver, retained by various Government agencies in the United States to undertake difficult and often gruesome tasks, such as the recovery of missing persons, who, as sometimes happens, have been murdered. There are, however, lighter, but equally exciting, encounters with sharks in underwater plays and successful treasure seeking on the coral reefs in Florida. With the assistance of Mr. Ray Cristina he recalls eight episodes in his diving career.

STEWART, DOUGLAS. *The Seven Rivers.* 218pp. Angus and Robertson. 30s.

As Mr. Stewart's book is chiefly about trout fishing in Australia and New Zealand it will have an added interest for the British angler who has never sampled these obviously attractive waters. The author says that he wrote the book "simply for the pleasure of going fishing again in retrospect along my favourite rivers" and the reader will share that pleasure. There are some excellent illustrations by Margaret Coen.

WOOD, BARCLAY H. *Easy Guide to Chess.* 126pp. Sutton Coldfield: *Chess.* 17s. 6d.

This is a good introduction to the game for the beginner and a work that fully bears out its name. The author, editor of the magazine *Chess*, has brought it up to date from the original edition which was first published in December, 1942.

TAYLOR, BILL. *Bream Fever.* 114pp. Adam and Charles Black. 25s.

Most coarse-fishermen have their favourite fish, and the bream is evidently the author's. Anyone who reads his book is in danger of being lured from roach, perch or pike fishing.

Theatre

LAURIE, RONA (Editor). *A Hundred Speeches from the Theatre.* 192pp. Evans Brothers. 18s.

A workmanlike collection of material that will be particularly useful to speech and drama festival entrants and actors preparing an audition repertoire. The speeches, taken mainly from the modern non-commercial theatre, are divided equally between men and women and further split up into "dramatic speeches", "character and dialect", "comedy", and "verse plays". Each extract carries an introductory note on the general dramatic situation and the particular acting task.

Travel and Topography

ENGELMANN, FRANKLIN. *The British Scene.* 128pp. Country Life. 45s.

This is a book of large format containing 150 photographs in both black-and-white and colour selected from the vast collection of *Country Life.* Subjects range from stone circles to country houses, from narrow boats to racing yachts, from wild landscape to "the sweet security of streets". In fact, this is the picturesque, limited, rose-tinted but often delightful Britain of the tourist poster. Apart from the hideous blue in most of their skies, the colour reproductions are for once superior to the monochrome, which lack sparkle. The whole is a poor example of printing, presumably because the price is low. The photographs are competent in a conventional way and each is supported by a long caption by Franklin Engelmann, the broadcaster, who also wrote the introduction.

GRANT, MICHAEL. *Cambridge.* Introduction by Noel Annan. Photographs by John Maritas. Notes on illustrations by Mary Sullivan. 192pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3 10s.

In the first sentence of this book Lord Annan tells us that "Cambridge is one of the great universities of the world" and in the last sentence of the book Michael Grant says that ". . . Cambridge will remain one of the very greatest Universities in the world". Cambridge is proud of itself, and not a little pleased with itself too. The text contains much information, mainly historical, but little that is surprising, provocative or critical.

Cambridge will probably be bought mainly as a picture book. The photographs are attractive enough in a colour supplement kind of way, and of course their subject-matter is outstanding. A peculiarity of the illustrations is that, with such exceptions as statues, a Max Beerbohm drawing and a Stanley Spencer portrait, none of them shows a human being. Considering that King's Parade, Trinity Great Court, the interior of King's College Chapel and other not unfrequented places are shown, this is quite an achievement, even if a pointless one. Not only does the absence of human beings deprive the architectural photographs of a sense of scale but also it gives the impression that Cambridge is a kind of uninhabited museum, which it is not.

RISEMAN, JONATHAN (Editor). *The Australians.* Text by George Johnston. Photographs by Robert H. Goodman. Designed by Harry Williamson. 288pp. Paul Hamlyn. £1 4s.

In this lavishly produced book, text and photographs are of equal value in vividly illustrating the "perverse but compelling beauty" of the land and the infinite variety of its inhabitants. If some of the ingredients are predictable (drovers, shearers, surfers and a roadside sign "Koalas cross here by night") others are freshly conceived and arrestingly presented. We expect to find Sydney Harbour: we are more interested and moved by the study of guarded optimism in the faces of immigrant arrivals at Sydney Harbour.

UTTLEY, JOHN. *The Story of the Channel Islands.* 224pp. Faber and Faber. 30s.

Mr. Uttley has added to the literature of the Channel Islands a straightforward history of the group which starts with a description of the surviving evidences of primitive man and carries the story through to the German occupation and the Islands' postwar recovery. Modern photographs and reproductions of older prints make up the illustrations, and there are several sketch-maps.

World Affairs

DOWDY, HOMER E. *Out of the Jaws of the Lion.* 254pp. HAYES, MARGARET. *Missing—Believed Killed.* 192pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 18s. each.

ROSEVEARE, HELEN. *Give me this Mountain.* 166pp. The Inter-Varsity Fellowship. Paperback, 5s.

A detailed account of the rescue of foreign hostages in Stanleyville (now Kisangani) and the events leading up to it has already been given by David Reed in *11 Days in Stanleyville* (*TLS*, June 9, 1966). These three volumes cover much of the same ground, but they cover it from the point of view of the many Christian missionaries who suffered horribly, and reacted with the courage of their faith, under the bloodthirsty regime of the *simbas* (the lions of Mr. Dowdy's title). Mr. Dowdy follows the American fashion of painting in the background in great detail—a kind of literary total recall.

Dr. Roseveare and Miss Hayes are autobiographical. Their writing is not stylish, but what they write reflects the humility, the piety and, remarkably, the sense of humour which enabled missionaries to live up to their beliefs when faced with tests they could not possibly have foreseen. The whole story is moving and inspiring.

The title of the book by John Radford reviewed on this page last week is *Pilot Aboard.*

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

RATES 5s. a line (minimum 10s.), box numbers 2s. Semi-display £3 5s. an inch. Display £4 an inch.

ORDERS and Box Replies to: Classified Advertisement Department, The Times Literary Supplement, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4. CENtral 2000, extn. 318 Telex 262622/3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

VICKERS

BARROW SHIPYARD

Technical Authors (Electrical)

Permanent staff positions are available for Technical Authors with at least four years Publications Department experience and qualified to O.N.C. standard. Practical engineering experience would be an advantage.

The work concerns the preparation of handbooks on nuclear submarine electrical equipment and systems and is located in Barrow, a pleasant coastal town within 30 minutes drive of Lakeland.

Salaries are progressive and will be fully commensurate with qualifications and experience. In most cases, successful candidates will receive aid with expenses incurred in removing to Barrow.

Applicants, preferably British by birth, should forward details of age, qualifications, experience and present salary to:-

The Personnel Officer, (Ref. S/19/TP/AE),
VICKERS LIMITED, SHIPBUILDING GROUP,
Vickers-Armstrongs Barrow Shipyard,
Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire.

LIBRARIANS

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX
COUNTY LIBRARY

Applications are invited from

Chartered Librarians

for appointment as Senior Assistant Librarian in the Part-time Libraries Department, County Library Headquarters, Chelmsford.

Salary scale A.P.V (£1,605—£1,865).

The Department has a staff of 24 and the duties involve book-exchange arrangements at 290 service points, and the operation of the developing mobile library service.

Applications in writing (no forms) to County Librarian, Goldlay Gardens, Chelmsford, Essex.

UNIVERSITY OF EAST AFRICA
MAKERERE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
UGANDA

APPLICATIONS are invited for LECTURESHIP in the East African School of Librarianship. Candidates should be fully qualified librarians with practical experience in libraries and in the teaching of librarianship. University degree advantageous. Permanent terms or contract terms carrying 25 per cent gratuity (15 per cent if in F.S.S.U.). Salary scale (including expatriation allowance) £1,700 to £2,600 p.a. Subsidized housing. Expatriates receive: family passages; biennial overseas leave; education allowances.

Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 30 March, 1967, to Inter-University Council, 33 Bedford Place, London, W.C.1, from whom particulars are available.

ROYAL COUNTY OF BERKSHIRE
EAST BERKSHIRE COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION, MAIDENHEAD.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LIBRARIAN. Salary Scale £820 to £1,435 (special scale for Librarians), the point of entry and progression within the scale being dependent upon experience and qualifications.

Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, East Berkshire College, Boyn Hill Avenue, Maidenhead.

BRADFORD CITY LIBRARIES
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience for the undermentioned APPOINTMENTS in Grade A.P. V (£1,605 to £1,865):—

DEPARTMENTAL LIBRARIAN (Art).

DEPARTMENTAL LIBRARIAN. (Popular Library).

The Popular Library will include fiction and "popular" works on non-fiction and its Departmental Librarian will be responsible for the charging and discharging of all loans from the subject departments of the new Central Library.

One hundred per cent mortgage and short-term housing accommodation may be available. Removal expenses up to £50 and a temporary lodging allowance or travelling allowance may be payable.

Applications, with names of two referees, to City Librarian, Central Library, Darley Street, Bradford 1, Yorkshire by February 23rd, 1967.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
HIGH WYCOMBE COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY AND ART

Queen Alexandra Road, High Wycombe, Bucks

APPLICATIONS are invited from men or women with appropriate qualifications and experience for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the College Library. Salary according to qualifications and experience within the range A.P.T. II-III.

Applications (no forms), giving full details and including the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Principal within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

CITY OF BATH
MUNICIPAL LIBRARIES
SENIOR ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the POST of SENIOR ASSISTANT (in charge of the Lending Library). Salary scale A.P. IV (£1,385 to £1,665).

Further information may be obtained from the Director, Municipal Libraries, Queen Square, Bath, to whom applications should be sent not later than Tuesday, 21st February, 1967.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the office of LIBRARIAN of the University Library which will become vacant on 1 October, 1967. Pensionable stipend £4,360.

Applications (twelve copies), marked "Confidential", should be sent by 1 March, 1967, to the Registrary, University Registry, The Old Schools, Cambridge, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

DENBIGHSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY, RUTHIN
APPOINTMENT OF CHARTERED LIBRARIAN
A.P. GRADE III
(Salary £1,180 to £1,435 per annum)

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above POST in the Denbighshire County Library. Commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. The successful candidate will carry wide responsibilities, particularly in the provision of reference services throughout the county. The post is a newly created one in an expanding service and should appeal to a young librarian with energy and initiative.

Knowledge of the Welsh language will be an advantage.

Application forms and further particulars obtainable from me. Completed forms to be returned by 17th February, 1967.

Canvassing disqualifies.

W. E. BUFTON, Clerk of the County Council.
County Offices, Ruthin.

DUMBARTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
APPOINTMENT OF CHIEF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above POST. Salary within the scale £890 to £1,115. A five-day week is worked with alternate Saturdays free and one late night duty only per week.

Applications from partly qualified Librarians might be considered in which case Executive Division Grade I (£730 to £860) or Executive Division Grade II (£870 to £975) will apply according to degree of qualification. The post is superannuable. Housing accommodation will be provided if required.

Applications together with the names of two referees should be submitted to the Librarian, Public Library, Strathleven Place, Dumbarton, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

LIBRARIANS

ELLAND URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

This progressive authority re-organized its library services in 1960 and now operates, through a forward-thinking Library and Arts Committee, a large central library undergoing its second extension since 1960 and three branch libraries, embracing a record library and many cultural activities.

The post of DEPUTY LIBRARIAN has become vacant and the Council seek to appoint a person (male or female) to fill it—one preferably fully qualified but, in any event, enthusiastic, capable, modern in outlook, able to work without supervision, supervise and train staff and explore and initiate new avenues of service to the public through the library and arts services of the Council.

The post offers a unique opportunity to serve in a truly modern, efficient library service serving a small-town community.

Salary, Librarian Grade, £820 to £1,060, £1,220, £1,435. Starting salary to be agreed and dependent on qualifications and experience.

Equivalent of five-day week. Housing accommodation (if required) and payment of removal expenses considered.

Applications, giving details of age, experience and qualifications and the names and addresses of two referees, should reach me by 27th February, 1967.

WM. T. THOMAS, Clerk of the Council, Council Offices, Elland, Yorkshire.

Leading advertising agency requires
Marketing data librarian

J. Walter Thompson—one of the world's leading advertising agencies—is proposing to set up a marketing data centre, and is looking for a young man or woman to build it up from scratch, applying modern information retrieval techniques. Applicants should be A.L.A. Librarians, and preferably graduates, with a special interest in faceted classification and detailed cataloging. The ability to work hard, and to use initiative and tact in a testing and exciting field is important. The salary range will be from £1,300—£1,800. Please write, in the first instance to:

JWT

The Appointments Office,
J. Walter Thompson Company Limited,
40 Berkeley Square,
LONDON, W.1.

LIBRARIANS

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX
DEPARTMENT OF ART

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of CATALOGUER to initiate the cataloguing of the slide collection.

Previous experience of cataloguing slides of photographs desirable but not essential.

Salary according to qualifications and experience in the scale of £920 to £1,[illegible].

Applications, giving the names of two referees, to the Registrar, University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester, from whom further particulars are obtainable by 28th February, 1967.

THE UNIVERSITY OF HULL
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the University Library. Candidates should hold a good honours degree; relevant library experience and professional qualifications are desirable. Salary within the range £1,105/£2,270 according to qualifications.

Further details may be obtained from the Registrar, University, Hull, to whom applications (four copies) must be made by 21st February, 1967.

UNIVERSITY OF KEELE
THE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from HONOURS GRADUATES for the POST of SUB-LIBRARIAN in charge of Cataloguing and Classification. Salary scale £2,180 by £90 (5) to £2,630.

Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience and the names of two referees should be submitted by 25th February, 1967, to the Librarian, The University, Keele, Staffordshire, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from men and women GRADUATES for a POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the University Library.

Salary according to qualifications and experience on scale £1,105 to £2,100 a year.

Further particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by 25th February.

MINISTRY OF LAND AND NATURAL RESOURCES
GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, KENTON BAR, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE 5

TEMPORARY LIBRARIAN

A vacancy exists for a Librarian, Grade IV, in the above office. The appointment will be in a temporary capacity in the first instance, with the possibility of an established appointment later.

Duties will consist of the setting up and subsequent administration of a small Headquarters library, and advising 11 Regional Offices on library matters in the proposed Land Commission.

Candidates must hold an approved postgraduate University diploma in librarianship or have passed the Registration Examination, or the 1964 or subsequent Part II (Final Examination) of the Library Association. Some practical experience necessary.

The salary scale will be £803 (age 22) to £970 (at 25 or over) to £1,457. Five-day week of forty-two hours including luncheon intervals. Annual leave three weeks and three days in addition to public holidays.

Application form from Mr. H. W. Tucker, Ministry of Land and Natural Resources, Kenton Bar, Newcastle upon Tyne. Closing date, 20th February, 1967.

NORTH WESTERN POLYTECHNIC
SCHOOL OF LIBRARIANSHIP

Prince of Wales Road, London, N.W.5.

CAN YOU BE A LIBRARIAN'S LIBRARIAN?

The School wishes to appoint as soon as possible a qualified librarian (or a person who has completed all professional examinations) to develop and administer its Library. The Librarian will be responsible initially for ordering books and equipment prior to the School's move to new premises in September, 1967, and after that date he will develop the Library's services and integrate them with the School's teaching programme in conjunction with a Lecturer/Librarian.

Salary scale: £1,200-£1,425 per annum. Starting point will be determined by age, qualifications and experience.

The task is difficult but the opportunities are many. Application forms and further information from the Secretary and Clerk to the Governors. The Head of the School welcomes informal enquiries. (GUL. 1154, Ext. 25.) Closing date for applications is 27th February, 1967.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT IN LIBRARIANSHIP

Applications are invited from qualified librarians or those who have completed their professional studies and examinations, for the post of Research Assistant to undertake an investigation into problems of recruitment in librarianship.

The work will be done with the guidance of a member of the School's staff. Previous research experience desirable but not essential.

The investigation will last one year beginning as soon as possible. The appointment is financed jointly by the School and the Research Committee of the Library Association. Salary £1,110 p.a.

Application forms and further details are obtainable from Mr. J. Mills at the School. Informal enquiries are welcome. (Telephone: Gulliver 1154)

LIBRARIANS

GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS:—

(1) BRANCH LIBRARIANS
A.P. III (£1,220 to £1,[illegible])
FOUR POSTS [illegible]

(2) CHILDREN'S LIBRARIANS
A.P. II/III (£1,020 to £1,[illegible])
FOUR POSTS

For A.P. III candidates must be Chartered Librarians. For other appointments the Final Examination or [illegible] is required. Assistance [illegible] expenses. Medical.

Applications naming two referees to County Librarian, from whom further details obtainable. Canvassing [illegible].

TRAINING SCHEME

The County Council wish to [illegible] number of young people [illegible] or two "A" levels as trainees. At the completion of their training will be offered posts with a [illegible] salary of about £1,060 per annum. Period of training is three years for [illegible] and four years for "A" level [illegible]. Further particulars [illegible] County Librarian, Berkeley [illegible] Gloucester.

GUY H. DAVIS, Clerk of the Council.

LINCOLNSHIRE/KESTEVEN
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
KESTEVEN COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
Stoke Rochford, near Grantham
Principal, S. R. Dawes, M.A.

CHARTERED LIBRARIANS are invited to apply for the post of Senior Assistant at this College.

Salary A.P.T. III (£1,220 to £1,[illegible]). Conditions of Service.

Applications giving details of academic or other libraries, and [illegible] cataloguing, should be sent, together with the names of two referees, to the Principal of the College by 28th February.

Further details and application form from the Principal.

T. W. P. GOLBY, Director of Education, County Offices, Sleaford, Lincs.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARKING
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS:—

(a) ASSISTANT BRANCH LIBRARIAN. A.P. II (£1,020 to £1,220 per annum plus London Weighting)

(b) ASSISTANT TO PRINCIPAL ASSISTANT in charge of CHILDREN'S SERVICES. A.P. II (£1,020 to £1,220 per annum plus London Weighting). This post is one of [illegible] responsible to the Principal Assistant, Children's Services. This rapidly expanding [illegible] deals with the stock provision of [illegible] extension activities, and a library service to 90 schools.

Preference will be given to applicants who have obtained Part I of the Professional Examination of the Library Association or parts of the Registration Examination. Hours [illegible] hours per week.

Application forms may be obtained from the Borough Librarian, Valence House, Becontree Avenue, Dagenham, Essex. Closing date [illegible] March, 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited, [illegible] Chartered Librarians, for the POST of LEADER, BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SECTION. A computer catalogue [illegible] tion. Salary A.P. III/IV, £1,435 to £1,[illegible] sive of London Weighting. Point of entry on the scale according to qualifications and experience.

Applications giving the names of two referees should reach the Borough Librarian, Central Library, The Burroughs, Hendon, N.W.4, by [illegible] February, 1967.

R. H. WILLIAMS, Town Clerk.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for the following appointments:—

(a) SENIOR ASSISTANT: Candidates should be Chartered Librarians. A.P. III/IV, £1,180 to £1,665 plus London Weighting.

(b) REFERENCE LIBRARIAN: Preference will be given to Chartered Librarians but applications will be considered from those who are partly qualified, salary A.P. II to £1,435 plus London Weighting.

Point of entry on the scales according to qualifications and experience.

Applications giving the names of two referees should reach the Borough Librarian, Central Library, The Burroughs, Hendon, N.W.4, by [illegible] February, 1967.

R. H. WILLIAMS, Town Clerk.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BROMLEY
PUBLIC LIBRARIES
DEPUTY BRANCH LIBRARIAN
A.P. III (£1,180 to £1,435 plus London Weighting)

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified and experienced men and women for the above post in the West Wickham [illegible].

Post-card for application form [illegible] details to Establishment Officer, [illegible] Bromley, Kent, quoting ref.: [illegible]. Closing date 28th February, 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF EALING
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of COLLEGE LIBRARIAN at Acton Technical College. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians, though applications will be considered from persons who have passed the Final Examination of the Library Association. Salary according to age, experience and qualifications, A.P. III/IV £1,180 to £1,665 per annum plus London Weighting.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar at the College, High Street, Acton, W.3, to whom completed forms should be sent not later than [illegible] 1967.

E. J. COPE-BROWN, Town Clerk.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUNSLOW
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN at Maria Grey College of Education, St. Margaret's Road, Twickenham, Middlesex, to commence in April. The successful candidate will undertake a [illegible] range of librarian's duties, and [illegible] library qualifications and experience essential. The salary will be [illegible] A.P. II scale, £1,095 to £1,2[illegible].

Full details of qualifications, experience, &c., and quoting two [illegible] the Borough Establishment [illegible] (RT/234), Hounslow House, [illegible] don Road, Hounslow, [illegible] 17th February 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF MERTON
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

APPLICATIONS are invited for the undermentioned POSTS in [illegible] Special Grade (plus London Weighting).

REFERENCE LIBRARIAN, [illegible] Library.

LIBRARIAN-IN-CHARGE, [illegible] Park Library.

Entry to scale in accordance with qualifications and experience.

A five-day working week is in operation with alternate Saturdays off.

The Council is prepared to consider application for a contribution towards the payment of removal expenses, and mortgage facilities will be made available where the need is established.

Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Chief Librarian, Merton College, S.W.19, to be returned [illegible] ton Park, London, S.W.19, not later than the 25th February.

SYDNEY ASTIN, Town Clerk.

LIBRARIANS

LONDON BOROUGH OF WANDSWORTH
BOROUGH LIBRARIES

Suitably qualified persons required for the undermentioned posts.

SENIOR ASSISTANTS:

Lending, A.P. III; Reference, A.P. III, £1,295-£1,510.

Cataloguing, A.P. II; Music (2), A.P. II, £1,080-£1,295.

Forms from the Borough Librarian, District Library, West Hill, S.W.18. Closes 18th February.

D. C. KIRK, Town Clerk.
Municipal Buildings, S.W.18.

LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWER HAMLETS
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POST:—

SENIOR ASSISTANT—Grade A.P. III (£1,180 to £1,435).

(In addition to the salary quoted above, London "Weighting" as under is payable in addition.)

Up to age 18 £30.

Age 18-21, £50.

Age 21 and over, £75.

Five-day 3½-hour week; superannuation and sick pay schemes.

Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Cambridge Heath Road, London, E.2.

Closing date—20th February, 1967.

CITY OF LONDON COLLEGE
Moorgate, E.C.2

Requires LIBRARY ASSISTANT. Qualifications, First Professional Examination L.A.; or G.C.E. 'O' levels in English Language and four other subjects (one of which must be mathematics, natural science or a foreign language) or an equivalent. Typewriting an advantage. Salary [illegible] at age 18, rising by annual increments £40 or £50 to £1,020 per annum. Pensionable. Further details and application form from the Secretary.

CITY OF LONDON LIBRARIES
BRANCH LIBRARIAN

Branch Librarian required for small, recently modernized, City library. Applicants should be professionally qualified. Salary £1,105 to £1,[illegible]. Corporation Grade II-III.

Further details and application form from the Librarian, P.O. Box 270, Guildhall, E.C.2. Closes 20th February, 1967.

CORPORATION OF LONDON
GUILDHALL LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in a large general reference library with strong historical collections. Salary within a scale of £945 to £1,750. Hours 9.15 to 5. Duties will involve both cataloguing and assistance to readers. This is a junior post and the starting salary is expected to be in the region of £1,0[illegible] per annum.

Application forms from the Librarian, Guildhall Library, London, E.C.2.

INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY
LONDON COLLEGE OF PRINTING

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for TWO POSTS of LIBRARIAN, Grade III at the London College of Printing, Elephant and Castle, S.E.1. Salary Scale £1,200 [illegible] £1,425. The senior of these posts carries three additional increments on the scale, rising to £1,650, and the person appointed will act as deputy to the College Librarian. Experience of work in a college library is desirable in both appointments but is not essential in the case of the junior post.

Application forms and further information from the Education Officer (Estab 2a/5340/A), County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date for applications, 24 February.

INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY
LIBRARIAN required at Islington Green School, Prebend Street, N.1. Applicants should be chartered librarians. Salary scale, £1,200 by [illegible]50 to £1,350 by £75 to £1,425. Appointment may be made above the minimum where appropriate. Application forms from the Education Officer (Estab. 2a), County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date for applications 24 February.

INNER LONDON LIBRARY COMMITTEE
JUNIOR ASSISTANT (Clerical Grade 1/II [illegible] to £1,020 plus up to £75 London "Weighting") required for London Union Catalogue. Interesting bibliographical work; 5-day week; no evenings or Saturdays; Local Government superannuation scheme.

Applications, stating age and experience, to Editor, London Union Catalogue, care of National Central Library, Store Street, W.C.1, by 20th February, 1967.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN, A.P. III, required for the Ashfield Region. The person appointed will be based at Kirkby-in-Ashfield, the most recent library which offers excellent facilities for display and extension activities. The post carries responsibility for the maintenance of stock in seven branch libraries, and the service to 76 schools.

Experience of work with children is desirable, but as the approach of the person appointed to the post is of great importance, suitable training will be given to librarians with limited experience of children's work but with the necessary aptitude and enthusiasm.

Applications to the County Librarian, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham. Closing date, February 23rd.

A. R. DAVIS, Clerk of the County Council.

PONTYPRIDD URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
LENDING LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from persons who have passed the Part I (Intermediate) Examination or at least two parts of the Registration Examination of the Library Association for the post of Lending Librarian, Central Library (including some Reference Department Duties). Salary A.P. Grade II (£1,020 per annum to £1,220 per annum) with point of entry in accordance with experience and present salary. Appointment superannuable and subject to Medical Examination.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience together with the names and addresses of two referees to be received by the undersigned not later than Tuesday, 28th February, 1967.

BERNARD M. MURPHY, Clerk of the Council.
[illegible] Buildings, Pontypridd, Glamorgan.

RADNORSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified Librarians for the POST of CHIEF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN at County Hall Headquarters, Llandrindod Wells. The post offers varied and interesting work, the person appointed being next in seniority to the County Librarian. Salary in accordance with the Librarian Scale (£820 to £1,435 per annum); commencing salary for Chartered Librarians with three years library experience after [illegible] £1,220 per annum; other applicants to be [illegible] within the Librarian Scale according to qualifications and experience. Casual car users allowance, travelling and lodging allowances and removal expenses, in appropriate cases. Applications giving full details of education, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to be addressed to the [illegible] the Council, by 4th March, 1967. Further [illegible] may be obtained from the County Librarian.

C. S. LANE, Clerk of the Council.

LIBRARIANS

WEST RIDING COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS:—

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN—Regional Library Headquarters, Sherburn-in-Elmet (near Leeds).

BRANCH LIBRARIAN—Conisbrough (near Doncaster).

Salary £1,220 to £1,415 for Chartered Librarians.

LIBRARIAN-IN-CHARGE—Maltby Region Mobile Branch Library based Maltby (near Doncaster).

LIBRARIAN-IN-CHARGE—Sherburn Region Travelling Library based Sherburn-in-Elmet (near Leeds).

Salary £1,060 to £1,415 for Chartered Librarians.

For all posts candidates taking Library Association Examinations or partly qualified candidates considered. Salary £820 to £1,220 according to qualifications and experience.

For further details and form of application please apply to the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Balne Lane, Wakefield.

SCARBOROUGH PUBLIC LIBRARIES
SENIOR ASSISTANT/READERS' ADVISER

APPLICATIONS are invited from Librarians who have passed Part II of the Library Association's Examinations for the POST of Senior Assistant/Readers' Adviser in the Central Lending Library. Commencing salary within Special Classes (Librarians) Scale £1,020 to £1,415 (not less than £1,060 for a Chartered Librarian). Housing available. Alternate Saturdays free. No evening duties.

Applications, with names of two referees, to Director, Central Library, Vernon Road, Scarborough, by 18th February, 1967.

SHIPLEY URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for this post within Grade A.P. III/IV. Housing accommodation available if required and grant towards removal expenses. Central library and two branch libraries.

Applications with names of two referees to the Clerk and Solicitor, Town Hall, Shipley, by the 22nd February, 1967.

BOROUGH OF SPENBOROUGH
APPOINTMENT OF DEPUTY BOROUGH LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post in a progressive Library Authority, which already operates a Gramophone Record Library and is planning a Picture Lending Scheme.

Salary on Grade AP III/IV (£1,220 to £1,665 per annum) according to qualifications and experience.

Applications (two referees) to the Borough Librarian, Spenborough Public Library, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, by 28th February, 1967.

K. H. CHORLTON, Town Clerk.

WEST SUFFOLK COUNTY COUNCIL
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of BRANCH LIBRARIAN at Haverhill. The Branch will serve a growing population from a new prefabricated (Terrapin-Reska) building to be opened in the Spring of 1967.

Salary within the Librarians Scale, £820 to £1,220 per annum (minimum of £1,060 for Chartered Librarian) according to qualifications and experience.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, with names of two referees, should reach the County Librarian, Shire Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, by 1st March, 1967.

SURREY COUNTY LIBRARY
BANSTEAD URBAN DISTRICT
SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT, A.P. GRADE III/IV

Chartered Librarians who would like to work in an expanding library service in an attractive locality are invited to apply for this responsible POST which is next in seniority to the District Librarian. Salary Grade A.P. III/IV (£1,180 to £1,665 p.a.), plus London Weighting £75 p.a. For a Librarian with the right qualities the post offers a wide range of experience in the fields of administration and service to readers.

Particulars and application form from the Clerk of the Council, The Council House, Brighton Road, Banstead, Surrey.

Closing date: 20th February, 1967.

SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
APPOINTMENT OF BRANCH LIBRARIAN
Grade A.P. III

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above-mentioned appointment of a qualified Branch Librarian, at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P. III (£1,180 to £1,415 per annum).

The appointment will be subject to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service, the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts, and to a medical examination.

The Council provides a Central Library with two Branch Libraries, a new Central Library is included in the Central Area Redevelopment proposals, and a new Branch Library is scheduled to be completed in April, 1967.

This is a new appointment in an expanding Library Service, and offers good opportunities for the person appointed.

Housing accommodation may be provided if required.

Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and details of present and past appointments, together with the names of two referees, should reach the Librarian, The Public Library, Forest Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield, from whom any further information may be obtained, not later than Friday, 24th February, 1967.

WALTER LAUGHTON, Clerk of the Council.
Barclays Bank Chambers, Low Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF TYNEMOUTH
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
CHIEF ASSISTANT (£1,300 to £1,661)
A.P. III/IV)

A Chartered Librarian suitably experienced is required for the above post, which is senior to those of heads of departments.

Details of duties and other information from the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Howard Street, North Shields, to whom applications should be sent by 22nd February, with the names of two referees.

F. O. EGNER, Town Clerk.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES, BANGOR
LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Science section of the Library. Duties will be mainly concerned with the Library in the School of Engineering Science. This library will be in a new building which is nearing completion, and the Assistant Librarian will be responsible for its administration. Applicants must be graduates holding a professional qualification. The salary will be at a suitable point on the scale £1,105 to £1,900. The appointment will date from 1st April, 1967, or earlier if possible.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (two copies), together with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than Saturday, 18th February, 1967.

WALSALL EDUCATION COMMITTEE
WEST MIDLANDS COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

APPLICATIONS are invited from persons who have passed either the Registration Examination or the Part II Examination of the Library Association for the above appointments to the staff of the excellent library of this large, newly built, mixed training college for teachers which opened in 1961 and is continuing to expand. Salary Grade (Special Classes), £820 to £1,220 per annum.

Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the Principal, West Midlands College of Education, Gorway, Walsall, to whom they should be returned not later than the 28th February, 1967.

V. MILLSON, Director of Education.

LIBRARIANS

BOROUGH OF WORTHING
JUNIOR AND SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above APPOINTMENT on Grade A.P. II-III, the commencing salary to be determined according to qualifications and experience. The post involves responsibility for the Junior Department of the Central Lending Library and the School Library Service. Experience in these fields is essential and a pass in Final 400, 402 or 430 would be an additional advantage.

The appointment will be subject to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service of Local Government Officers and to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts.

Worthing is now the second largest town in Sussex, with a population of over 80,000, and it is attracting more than 1,000 additional residents every year.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, and giving the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, must be received by the Chief Librarian, Central Public Library, Worthing, by not later than 27th February, 1967.

THOMAS FORBES, Town Clerk.

EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE
EDUCATION COMMITTEE

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of BRANCH LIBRARIAN at the Driffield Branch of the East Riding County Library, on the Librarian's Scale (£820 to £1,220 per annum).

Applicants should preferably have passed the Part I (Intermediate) Examination of the former Registration Examination of the Library Association but consideration will be given to other applicants with suitable experience and ability.

Although housing accommodation cannot be provided, assistance may be given to householders towards removal, initial lodging and travelling expenses.

Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Hall, Beverley, Yorkshire, to whom applications should be submitted by 27th February, 1967.

ASSOCIATED ENGINEERING LTD.
GROUP RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT UNIT
TECHNICAL LIBRARIAN

A male TECHNICAL LIBRARIAN is required to work at the above establishment. He will be responsible to the Information Officer. The duties will include general library management, classification and cataloguing, and assisting the Information Officer in literature searches.

An A.L.A. qualification with scientific and technical library experience is required. Starting salary from £1,500.

These research laboratories are situated near Rugby, in pleasant rural surroundings.

Please send applications, giving details of experience, to Associated Engineering Ltd., Group Research and Development Unit, Cawston, Rugby, Warwickshire, quoting reference RCH.

(continued on back page)

PUBLIC AND UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW
LECTURESHIP IN HISPANIC STUDIES

APPLICATIONS are invited for a Lectureship in the Department of Hispanic Studies. Candidates should have special qualifications in modern Spanish literature. Duties to begin on 1st October, 1967. Salary scale £1,400 to £2,505 per annum. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. F.S.S.U.

Applications (eight copies) should be lodged, not later than 28th February, 1967, with the undersigned from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ROBT. T. HUTCHESON, Secretary of the University Court.

YORK COLLEGE
CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

There are openings for INSTRUCTORS and ASSISTANT PROFESSORS. Salary range, $9,100 to $14,250, depending on qualifications. The Ph.D. is essential, publications and experience preferred. The weekly teaching load will be nine hours.

Apply to Dean of Faculty, York College, The Graduate Center, 33 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10018

THE DEPARTMENT OF ART HISTORY invites application for the position of ASSISTANT PROFESSOR of ART HISTORY. Applicants should have a speciality in Renaissance art or be able to teach Renaissance courses at the Honours level. An interest in British post-Mediaeval art is desirable. Academic duties commence in September and conclude the beginning of May. Research grants available. The beginning salary would be about £1,000.—Applications should be addressed to the A/Head, Department of Art History, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

OTHER VACANT APPOINTMENTS

ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLER requires MATURE WOMAN ASSISTANT, whole or part-time. Marylebone area.—AMBassador 7661.

GRADUATE SECRETARY required as administrative assistant in training and welfare department of London college. Experience of educational administration desirable. Interest in people essential. Excellent salary and holidays. —Write Box P.196, The Times, E.C.4.

INFORMATION SERVICE FOR THE MOTOR INDUSTRY
INFORMATION OFFICER required to work in a team concerned with supplying technical information to the British motor industry.

Applicants, who should preferably be under 30, must have either A.L.A. with some knowledge of automobile engineering and its literature, or a qualification in science or technology, with some experience of information work. A knowledge of one or more modern languages would be an advantage.

Applications, in writing, to The Secretary, The Motor Industry Research Association, Lindley, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT/SECRETARY required by architect (well-known within profession). Basic qualifications include excellent shorthand/typing, enterprise and first-class command of English. This is a responsible post with a good salary. Office is near Kingston-upon-Thames.—Brief details to Box P.195, The Times, E.C.4.

Capable Woman

required for Booksellers Library Service. Previous experience in Bookshop or P.L. desirable. Good typing. Salary min. £900.

L. SIMMONDS
16, Fleet Street, E.C.4

OTHER VACANT APPOINTMENTS

PUBLICITY OFFICER
National Children's Charity has vacancy. Head office, for senior executive. High level experience in press and publicity desirable. Challenging and responsible duties. Details from Box P.330, The Times, E.C.4.

TRAINED BOOKSELLERS for persons with suitable library experience) wanted by Foyle's, 1 Mabli Street, London, W.C.1 for various departments, including the Mail Order department. Apply in writing to Miss Dillon.

LECTURES

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1).—A Public Lecture by Professor P. Wapnewski entitled "Walther von der Vogelweide Spruch zur Magdeburger Weihnacht (1199)" will be given in German on 21 Feb. at 5.30 p.m. Admission Free Without Ticket.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS (2), experience in technical College library, require part-time posts, Harrow area.—Write Box D.826, The Times, E.C.4.

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BOOKCELLAR, 17a Dundas Street, Edinburgh. Cat. No. 3 Ready 18th February.

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CAN anyone offer worth-while work (full or part-time) to a well-read and highly educated bachelor of 37, i.e., one who now knows that he is unsuited, with 15 years' experience in industry, some intelligence, a fairly orderly mind and an ability to cope with figures.—Write Box P.261, The Times, E.C.4.

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